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THE

Glen 36

MUSICAL CASKET;

A SELECTION OF THE MOST

POPULAR AIRS, DUETS, GIGS, MADRIGALS, &c.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

THE GLEN COLLECTION
OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady Dorothea Ruggles-
Brise to the National Library of Scotland,
in memory of her brother, Major Lord
George Stewart Murray, Black Watch,
killed in action in France in 1914.

28th January 1927.

GINAL SONGS,

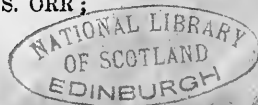
ESLY FOR THE WORK.

SERIES.

BURGH:

T. & W. McDOWALL, AND OLIVER & BOYD; LONDON: W. S. ORR;
GLASGOW: J. McLEOD; ABERDEEN: W. MITCHELL.

MDCCCXLII.



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THE

Glen 38

MUSICAL CASKET;

A SELECTION OF THE MOST

PAIRS, DUETS, GLEES, MADRIGALS, &c.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

SEVERAL ORIGINAL SONGS,

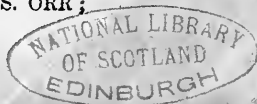
COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THE WORK

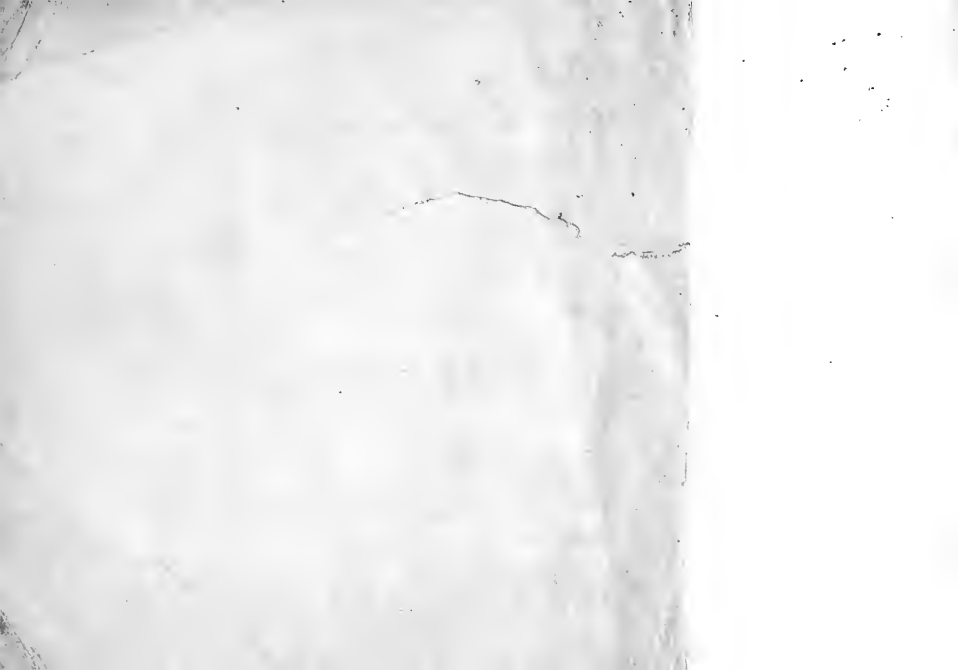
FIRST SERIES.

EDINBURGH:

DOWALL, AND OLIVER & BOYD; LONDON: W. S. ORR;
GLASGOW: J. McLEOD; ABERDEEN: W. MITCHELL.

MDCCCXLII.





THE
MUSICAL CASKET.

BURNS.

AULD LANGSYNE.

Trp.

1st.
Voice.

2nd.
Voice.

3rd.
Voice.

Should auld acquaintance be for - got, And nev - er brought to mind; Should

AULD LANGSYNE (Continued.)



auld ac-quaint - ance be for - got, And days o' lang - syne.

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. Both are in the key of D major, indicated by two sharps (F# and C#). The music is written in a common time signature (C). The lyrics are printed below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes.



For auld lang - syne, my dear; For auld lang - syne; We'll

This system contains the next two staves of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'For auld lang - syne, my dear; For auld lang - syne; We'll' are printed below the staves. The musical notation includes various note values, rests, and bar lines, with the system concluding with a double bar line.

AULD LANGSYNE (Continued.)



We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary fit,
Sin' auld langsyne.
For auld langsyne, &c.

twa hae paidled in the burn,
Whan simmer days were prime;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
Sin' auld langsyne.
For auld langsyne, &c.

And there's a hand, my trusty feire,
And gies a hand o' thine,
And we'll toom the cup to friendship's growth,
And auld langsyne.
For auld langsyne, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
As sure as I'll be mine,
And we'll tak a right guid willie waught,
For auld langsyne.
For auld langsyne, &c.

MY AIN FIRESIDE.

DUET FOR EQUAL VOICES

1st. Voice.

2nd. Voice.

O I hae seen great anes, and sat in great ha's, 'Mang lords & 'mang ladies a'

covered wi' brows; But a sight sae de-light-fu' I trow I ne'er spied. As the

bonnie blythe blink o' my ain fire - side. My ain fire-side, my



Ance mair, heaven be praised ! round my ain heartsome
ingle,

Wi' the frien's o' my youth I cordially mingle ;
Nae force now upon me, to seem wae or glad,
I may laugh when I'm merry, or sigh when I'm sad.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O sweet is the blink o' my ain fireside.

Nae falsehood to dread, nae malice to fear,
But truth to delight me, and kindness to cheer,
O' a' roads to pleasure that ever were tried,
There's nane half so sure as anc's ain fireside.

My ain fireside, my ain fireside.
O sweet is the blink o' my ain fireside.

Treble.

Bask ye, bask ye, my bonnie bonnie bride; Bask ye, bask ye, my

Tenor.

win - some mar - row; Bask ye, bask ye, my bonnie bonnie bride, And

think nae mair on the braes o' Yar - row. Where gat ye that

* In the songs which are arranged for two or more voices, those parts marked Treble *must* be sung by female, and those marked Tenor by male voices.

bonnie bonnie bride, Where gat ye that win - some mar - row?

I got her where I darena weel be seen, Pu' - ing the birks

on the braes o' Yar - row.

Weep not, weep not, my bonnie bonnie bride ;

Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow ;

Nor let thy heart lament to leave

Pu'ing the birks on the braes o' Yarrow.

Why does she weep, thy bonnie bonnie bride ?

Why does she weep thy winsome marrow ?

And why dare ye nae mair weel be seen

Pu'ing the birks on the braes o' Yarrow ?

Lang maun she weep, lang maun she maun she w

Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow ;

And lang maun I nae mair weel be seen,

Pu'ing the birks on the braes o' Yarrow ;

For she has tint her lover lover dear,

Her lover dear, the cause o' sorrow ;

And I hae slain the comeliest swain

That e'er pu'd birks on the braes o' Yarrow.

STRATHFILLAN.

SAME AIR.

By Fillan's wild and lonely streams

She dwells, the angel of my fancy,

The lustre from her eye that beams

Proclaims the maid, my lovely Nancy.

Her locks are of the raven's hue,

And fair her face as smiling morning,

When every rosebud's wet wi' dew,

And sun beams hill and vale adorning

Whene'er she treads Strathfillan's vale,

More sweetly sounds the gurgling fountain,

More balmy breathes the evening gale,

More bright the moon looks o'er the mountain

And when her tongue's attuned to love,

Or full the tear of pity swelling,

The blest above can only prove

The raptures in my bosom swelling.

THE BANKS O' DOON,—DUET FOR EQUAL VOICES.

9

1st.
Voice.

Ye banks and braes o' bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae

2nd.
Voice.

fresh and fair? How can ye chant, ye lit - tie birds, And

I sae wea - ry fu' o' care? Thou'lt break my heart, thou

THE BANKS O' DOON (Continued.)



war - bling bird, That wan - tons through the flow'r - ing thorn; I hou

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves joined by a brace on the left. Both staves are in the treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The melody is written on the upper staff, and the accompaniment is on the lower staff. The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes.



mind'st me o' de - part - ed joys, De - part - ed nev - er

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It also consists of two staves in the treble clef with a key signature of two sharps. The lyrics continue below the staves.



to re - turn.

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece. It features two staves in the treble clef with a key signature of two sharps. The melody and accompaniment lead to a final cadence, indicated by a double bar line. The lyrics 'to re - turn.' are written below the staves.

Oft hae I rev'd by bonnie Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine ;
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree ;
But my fanse lover stole my rose,
 But ah ! he left the thorn wi' me.

Ye roses, blaw your bonnie blooms,
 And draw the wild birds by the burn ;
For Luman promis'd me a ring,
 And ye maun aid me should I mourn.

Ah ! na, na, na, ye need nae mourn,
 My een are dim and drowsy worn ;
Ye bonnie birds, ye needna sing,
 For Luman never can return.

My Luman's love, in broken sighs,
 At dawn o' day by Doon ye'se hear,
And mid-day, by the willow green,
 For him I'll shed a silent tear ;
Sweet birds, I ken ye'll pity me,
 And join me wi' a plaintive sang,
While echo wakes, and joins the mane
 I mak for him I lo'ed sae lang.

HAD I A HEART FOR FALSEHOOD FRAMED. DUET FOR EQUAL VOICES.

1st.
Voice

Had I a heart for falsehood framed, It ne'er could injure you: For

2nd.
Voice.



tho' your tongue no promise claim'd, Your charms would make me true. To



you no soul shall bear de - ceit, No stranger of - e: wrong; But





But when they learn that you have blest
 Another with your heart,
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
 And act a brother's part.

Then, lady, dread not their deceit,
 Nor fear to suffer wrong;
 For friends in all the aged you'll meet
 And lovers in the young.

DARK CLOUDS ARE HOVERING ROUND ME.

SAME AIR.

DARK clouds are hovering round me,
 With all their train of care :
 A thousand woes surround me,
 Dread shadows of despair !
 But what are they ?—a richer gem
 Shines radiant from above :
 It throws its sunshine over them :
 And oh !—that light is Love !

Then why should cares alarm me,
 Though adverse fortune reign ?
 Why frowns of woe disarm me ?
 Why sorrow give me pain ?
 For what are all ?—a richer gem
 Shines radiant from above :
 It throws its sunshine over them ;
 And oh !—that light is Love !

ONE morning very early,
 One morning in the spring,
 I heard a maid in bedlam,
 Who mournfully did sing ;
 Her chains she rattled on her hands,
 While sweetly thus sung she :—
 I love my love, because I know
 My love loves me.

O cruel were his parents,
 Who sent my love to sea,
 And cruel cruel was the ship
 Which bore my love from me !
 Yet I love his parents, since they're his,
 Although they've ruined me ;
 And I love my love, because I know
 My love loves me.

O should it please the pitying powers
 To call me to the sky,
 I'd claim a guardian angel's charge,
 Around my love to fly.
 To guard him from all dangers
 How happy should I be !
 For I love my love, because I know
 My love loves me.

I'll make a strawy garland,
 I'll make it wond'rous fine.
 With roses, lilies, daisies,
 I'll weave the eglantine,
 And I'll present it to my love,
 When he returns from sea,
 For I love my love, because I know
 My love loves me.

O if I were a little bird,
 To build upon his breast ;
 Or if I were a nightingale,
 To sing my love to rest :
 To gaze upon his lovely eyes
 All my reward should be,
 For I love my love, because I know
 My love loves me.

O if I were an eagle,
 To soar into the sky.
 I'd gaze around with piercing eyes
 Where I my love might spy ;
 But, ah ! unhappy maiden,
 That love you ne'er shall see !
 Yet I love my love, because I know
 My love loves me.

1st. Voice.

2nd. Voice.



If a body meet a body comin' thro' the rye, If a body



kiss a body, need a body cry? Every lassie has her laddie,



Nane, they say, hae I! Yet a' the lads they smile at me, When comin' through the rye.

Amang the train there is a swain
 I dearly lo'e mysel';
 But whar's his hame, or what's his name,
 I dinna care to tell.

If a body meet a body
 Comin' frae the town,
 If a body greet a body,
 Need a body frown?

Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,
 Nane they say hae I!
 Yet a' the lads they smile at me,
 When comin' through the rye.

Amang the train there is a swain
 I dearly lo'e mysel';
 But whar's his hame, or what's his name,
 I dinna care to tell.

OH! DINNA ASK ME GIN I LO'E YE.

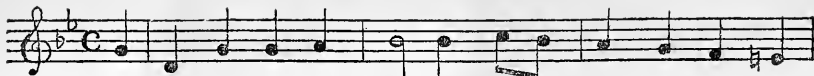
SAME AIR.

Oh! dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye,
 'Deed I darena tell;
 Dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye,
 Ask it o' yoursel'.
 Oh! dinna look sae aft at me,
 For oh! ye weel may trow,
 That when ye look sae sair at me,
 I darena look at you.

An' when ye gang to yon braw town,
 And bonnier lasses see,
 O, Jamie! dinna look at them,
 For fear ye mind na me.
 For I could never bide the lass,
 That ye lo'e mair than me;
 And O I'm sure my heart would break
 Gin ye proved false to me.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

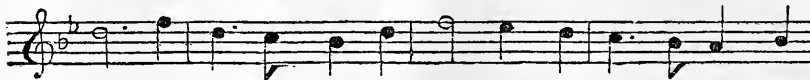
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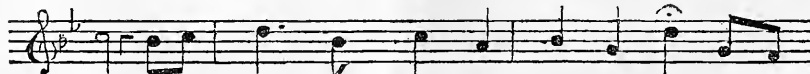
John Au - der - son, my jo, John, When we were first ac -



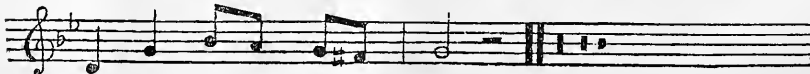
quent, Your locks were like the ra - ven, Your bon - nie brow was



brent; But now your brow is beld, John, Your locks are like the



snaw, But bless - ings on your fros - ty pow, John



An - der - son, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither,
 And mony a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither ;

Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And we'll sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.

The following verses appeared in a respectable publication as the production of Burns, but in later editions of his works they are omitted.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 I wonder what ye mean,
 To rise sae early in the morn,
 And sit sae late at e'en ;
 Ye'll blear out a' your een, John,
 And why should ye do so ?
 Gang sooner to your bed at e'en,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 When nature first began
 To try her canny hand, John,
 Her master-piece was man ;
 And you amang them a', John,
 Sae trig frae tap to toe,
 She proved to be nae journeyman,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 Ye were my first conceit,
 And ye need na think it strange, John,
 That I ca' ye trim and neat ;
 Though some folks say ye're auld, John,
 I never think ye so,
 But I think ye're aye the same to me,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We've seen our bairns' bairns,
 And yet, my dear John Anderson,
 I'm happy in your arms ;
 And sae are ye in mine, John,
 I'm sure ye'll ne'er say no,
 Though the days are gane that we have seen,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
What pleasure does it gi'e,
To see sae many sprouts, John,
Spring up 'tween you an' me;
And ilka lad and lass, John,
In our footsteps to go,
Makes perfect heaven here on earth,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
Our siller ne'er was rife,
And yet we ne'er saw poverty,
Sin' we were man and wife;
We've aye haen bit and brat, John,
Great blessings here below,
And that helps to keep peace at hame,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
The world lo'es us baith;
We ne'er spak ill o' neibours, John,
Nor did them ony skaith;

To live in peace and quietness
Was a' our care, ye know,
And I'm sure they'll greet when we are dead,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
Frae year to year we've past,
And soon that year maun come, John,
Will bring us to our last;
But let na that affright, John,
Our hearts were ne'er our foe,
While in innocent delight we've lived,
John Anderson, my jo.


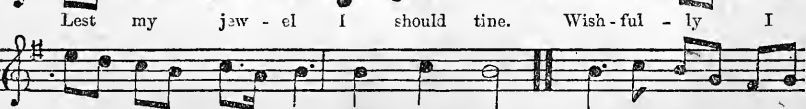
John Anderson, my jo, John,
And when the time is come,
That we, like ither auld folk, John,
Maun sink into the tomb,
A motto we will hae my John,
To let the world know,
We happy lived, contented died,
John Anderson, my jo.

Treb.  *Ten.* 

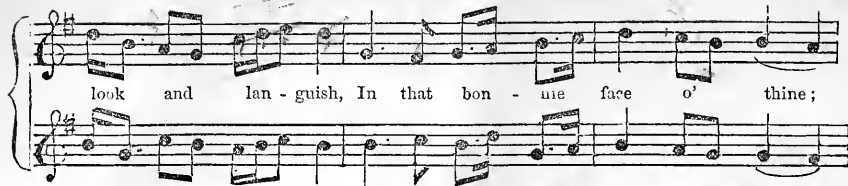
Bon - nie wee thing, can - nie wee thing, Love - ly wee thing,

wast thou mine, I would wear thee in my bo - som,

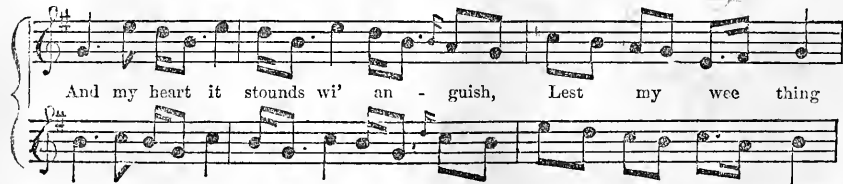
 

Lest my jew - el I should tine. Wish - ful - ly I



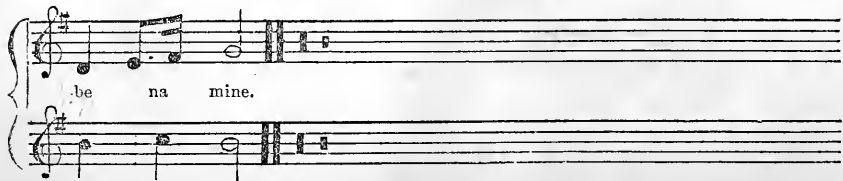
look and lan - guish, In that bon - nie face o' thine;

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the notes.



And my heart it stounds wi' an - guish, Lest my wee thing

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It features similar rhythmic patterns and note values. The lyrics continue below the staves.



be na mine.

The third system of musical notation concludes the piece. It features a final cadence with a double bar line. The lyrics end with 'be na mine.' The notation includes a final chord in both staves.

Wit and grace, and love and beauty,
 In ae constellation shine ;
 To adore thee is my duty,
 Goddess o' this soul o' mine.

Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
 Lovely wee thing, wast thou mine.
 I would wear thee in my bosom,
 Lest my jewel I should tine.

TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.



In win - ter, when the rain rain'd cauld, And frost and snaw on



il - ka hill, And Boreas wi' his blasts sae bauld, Was



threat'nin' a' our kye to kill: Then Bell, my wife, wha loes nae strife, She



My Crummie is a usefu' cow,
 And she is come o' a gude kin';
 Aft has she wet the bairns' mou',
 And I am laith that she should tine:
 Get up, gudeman, it is fu' time,
 The sun shines frae the lift sae hie;
 Sloth never made a gracious end;
 Gae, tak your auld cloak about ye.

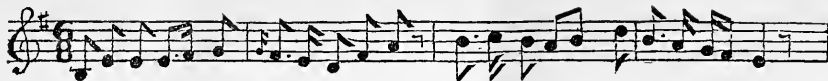
My cloak was ance a gude grey cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear;
 But now it's scant'ly worth a groat,
 For I have worn't this thretty year:
 Let's spend the gear that we hae won,
 We little ken the day we'll die;
 Then I'll be proud, sin' I hae sworn
 To tak a new cloak about me.

In days when our King Robert rang,
 His trews they cost but half a croun ;
 He said they were a groat owre dear,
 And ca'd the tailor thief and loon :
 He was the king that wore a croun
 And thou the man o' laigh degree :
 It's pride puts a' the country down ;
 Sae take thy auld cloak about ye.

Ilka land has its ain lauch,
 Ilk kind o' corn has its ain hool ;
 I think the world is a' gane wrang,
 When ilka wife her man wad rule :
 Do ye no see Rob, Jock, and Hah,
 As they are girded gallantlie,
 While I sit hurklin i' the asse ?—
 I'll hae a new cloak about me.

Gudeman, I wat it's thretty year
 Sin' we did ane anither ken ;
 And we hae had atween us twa
 Of lads and bonnie lasses ten :
 Now they are women grown and men,
 I wish and pray weel may they be ;
 If you would prove a gude husband,
 E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, she lo'es nae strife,
 But she would guide me, if she can ;
 And, to maintain an easy life,
 I aft maun yield, though I'm gudeman :
 Nocht's to be gain'd at woman's hand,
 Unless ye gie her a' the plea ;
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,
 And tak my auld cloak about me.



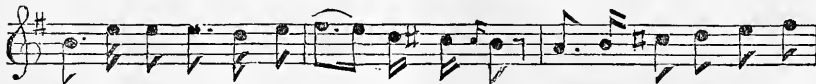
Saw ye my wee thing? saw ye my ain thing? Saw ye my true love down on yon lea?



Cross'd she the mea-dow yes-treen at the gloaming? Sought she the burnie where



flowers the haw tree? Her hair it is lint-white, her skin it is milk-white,



Dark is the blue o' her soft rolling e'e; Red, red her ripe lips, and



sweet-er than roses! Where could my wee thing wander frae me?

I saw nae ~~your~~ wee thing, I saw nae your ain thing,
 Nor saw I your true love down by yon lea;
 But I met wi' my bonnie thing late in the gloaming,
 Down by the burnie where flowers the haw-
 tree;
 Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-
 white,
 Dark was the blue o' her saft rolling e'e;
 Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses—
 Sweet were the kisses that she gave to me.

It was nae my wee thing, it was nae my ain thing,
 It was nae my true love ye met by the tree:
 Proud is her leal heart, modest her nature,
 She never lo'ed ony till ance she lo'ed me.
 Her name it is Mary, she's frae Castle-cary,
 Aft has she sat when a bairn on my knee.
 Fair as your face is, were't fifty times fairer,
 Young bragger, she ne'er wad gie kisses to tnee.

It was then your Mary, she's frae Castle cary,
 It was then your true love I met by the tree;
 Proud as her heart is and modest her nature,
 Sweet were the kisses that she gave to me.
 Sair gloom'd his dark brow, and blood-red his cheek
 grew,
 Wild flashed the fire frae his wild rolling e'e;
 Ye'se rue sair this morning your boasts and your
 scorning,
 Defend ye, fause traitor, fu' loudly ye lie.

Away wi' beguiling, cried the youth smiling—
 Off went the bonnet, the lint-white locks flee,
 The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
 Fair stood the loved maid wi' the dark rolling e'e.
 Is it my wee thing, is it my ain thing,
 Is it my true love here that I see?
 O Jamie forgie me, your heart's constant to me,
 I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee.

On the banks o' the burn, while I pensively wander,

The mavis sings sweetly, unheeded by me;

I think on my lassie, her gentle, mild nature;

I think on the smile o' her bonnie black e'e.

When heavy the rain fa's, and loud, loud the wind
blaws,

An' simmer's gay cleedin' drives fast frae the
tree;

I heedna the win' nor the rain, when I think on

The kind, lovely smile o' my lassie's black e'e.

When swift as the hawk, in the stormy November,

The cauld Norlan' win' ca's the drift o'er the
lea;

Though bitin' its blast, on the side o' the mountain,

I think on the smile o' her bonnie black e'e.

When thin twinklin' sternies announce the grey
gloamin';

When a' round the ingle, sae cheery to see;

Then music delightfu', saft on the heart stealin',

Minds me o' the smile o' her bonnie black e'e.

When jokin' and laughin', the lave they are merry,
Though absent my heart, like the lave I maun
be;

Sometimes I laugh wi' them, but oft I turn dowie,

And think on the smile o' my lassie's black e'e.

Her lovely fair form frae my mind's away never;

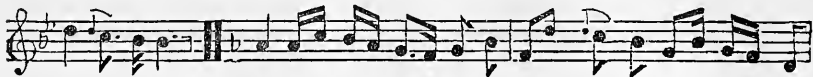
She's dearer than a' this hale warld to me;

And this is my wish, may we never sever,

Till death close the blink o' her love beaming
e'e.



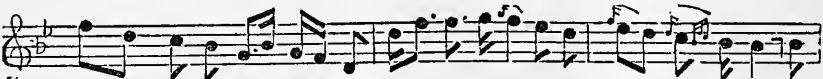
I've seen the smiling o' for - tune be - guil - ing, I've tasted her pleasures and



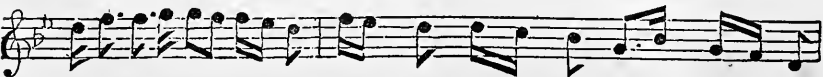
felt their decay; Sweet was her blessing, and kind her ca - res - ing, But



now they are fled, fled far away: I've seen the fo - rest a -



down - ed the foremost, Wi' flowers o' the fairest, baith pleas - ant and gay; Sae



bonny was their blooming, their scent the air per - fum - ing; But



I've seen the morning wi' gold the hills adorning,
 And loud tempests roaring before parting day ;
 I've seen Tweed's silver streams glittering in the
 sunny beams,
 Grow drumly and dark as they roll'd on their way.

O ! fickle fortune, why this cruel sporting ?
 O ! why still perplex us poor sons of a day ?
 Thy frowns cannot fear me, thy smiles cannot cheer
 me,
 Since the flowers o' the forest are a' wed away.

* THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

SAME AIR.

I've heard a lilting, at our ewes' milking,
 Lassies a-lilting before the break o' day ;
 But now there's a moaning on ilka green loaning,
 That our braw foresters are a' wed away.
 At buchts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are
 scorning ;
 The lassies are lonely, dowie, and wae ;

Nae daffin, nae gabbin, but sighing and sabbing ;
 Ilk ane lifts her leglen, and hies her away.
 At e'en, in the gloaming, nae swankies are roam-
 ing
 'Mang stacks, wi' the lassies at bogle to play ;
 But ilk maid sits drearie, lamenting her dearie,—
 The flowers of the forest are a' wed away.


* This song was written by the sister of Sir Gilbert Elliot, upon the battle of Flodden, where King James IV. and the flower of his army were slain.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST (Continued.)

In har'st, at the shearing, nae younkers are jeering ;
The bandsters are runkled, lyart and grey ;
At fairs or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching,
Since our braw foresters are a' wed away.
O dool for the order, sent our lads to the border !
The English for ance, by guile won the day ;

The flowers of the forest, that ay shone the roremost,
The prime of the land now lie cald in the clay.
We'll hear nae mair liltin' at the ewes' milking,
The women and bairns are dowie and wae,
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning,
Since our braw foresters are a' wed away.

LOGIE O' BUCHAN.

1st. Voice.  Oh Logie o' Buchan ! Oh Lo-gie the laird ! They ha'e ta'en a - wa

2nd. Voice. 



Jamie that delv'd in the yard, That play'd on the pipe wi' the vi - ol sae

sma', They have taen a - wa Jamie the flow'r o' them a'. He said think na lang

lassie tho' I gang a - wa', For I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'

O Sandy has owsen, has gear, and has kye,
 A house and a haddin, and siller forbye;
 But I'd tak my ain lad wi' his staff in his hand,
 Before I'd hae him wi' his houses and land.
 He said think na lang lassie tho' I gang awa',
 For I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'.

My daddy looks sulky, my minny looks sour,
 They frown upon Jamie because he is poor;
 But daddy and minny although that they be,
 There's nane o' them a' like my Jamie to me.
 He said think na lang lassie tho' I gang awa',
 For I'll come and see thee in spite o' them a'

I sit on my creepie, and spin at my wheel,
And think on the laddie that lo'ed me sae weel;
He had but ae sixpence, he brak it in twa,

And he gied me the half o't when he gaed awa'.
But simmer is coming, cauld winter's awa',
And he'll come and see me in spite o' them a'.



JAMES BALLANTINE.

THE LAST LAIRD O' THE MINT.

SAME AIR.

AULD Willie Nairn, the last Laird o' the Mint,
Had an auld farrant pow, an' auld farrant thoughts
in't;

There ne'er was before sic a bodie in print,
As auld Willie Nairn the last Laird o' the Mint:
So list and ye'll find ye hae muckle to learn,
An' ye'll still be but childer to auld Willie Nairn.

Auld Nanse, an auld maid, kept his hous clean and
happy,

For the body was tidy, though fond o' a drappy;
An' ayewhen the Laird charged the siller-taed cappy,
That on great occasions made ca'ers aye nappy,
While the bicker gaed round, Nanny aye got a
sharin'—

There are few sic like masters as auld Willie Nairn.

He'd twa muckle tabbies, ane black and ane white,
That purred by his side, at the fire, ilka night,
And gaz'd in the embers wi' sage-like delight,

While he ne'er took a meal, but they baith gat a bite;
For baith beast an' bodie aye gat their full sairin'—
He could ne'er feed alane, couthy auld Willie Nairn.

He had mony auld queer things, frae queer places
brought,—

He had rusty auld swords, whilk Ferrara had wrought,
He had axes, wi' whilk Bruce an' Wallace had fought,
An' auld Roman bauchles, wi' auld baubees bought;
For aye in the Cowgate, for auld nick-nacks starin',
Day after day, daundered auld sage Willie Nairn.

There are gross gadding gluttons and pimping wine-
bibbers,

That are fed for their scandal, and called pleasant
fibbers;

But the only thanks Willie gae them for their labours,
Were, 'We cam nae here to speak ill o' our nei'hours.'
O! truth wad be bolder, an' falsehood less darin',
Gin ilk ane wad treat them like auld Willie Nairn.

His snaw-flaket locks, an' his lang pouthered queue,
 Commanded assent to ilk word frae his mou';
 Though a leer in his e'e, an' a lurk in his brow,
 Made ye ferlie gin he thought his ain stories true;
 But he minded o' Charlie when he'd been a bairn,
 An' wha but Bob Chambers could thraw Willie
 Nairn.

Gin ye speered him anent ony auld hoary house,
 He cocked his head heigh, an' he set his staff crouse,
 Syne gazed through his specks, till his heart-strings
 brak loose,
 Then, 'mid tears, in saft whispers wad scarce wauk
 a mouse,
 He told ye some tale o't, wad mak your heart
 yearn,
 To hear mair auld stories frae auld Willie Nairn.

E'en wee snarling dogs gae a kind yowffin' bark,
 As he daundered down closes baith ourie and dark:
 For he kend ilka door stane and auld warld mark,
 An' even amid darkness his love lit a spark;
 For mony sad scene that wad melted cauld airn,
 Was relieved by the kind heart o' auld Willie
 Nairn.

The laddies ran to him to red ilka quarrel,
 An' he southered a' up wi' a snap or a farl;
 While vice that had daured to stain virtue's pure
 laurel,
 Shrunk, cowed, frae the glance o' the stalwart auld
 carl;
 Wi' the weak he was wae, wi' the strong he was
 stern—
 For dear, dear was virtue to auld Willie Nairn.

To spend his last shilling auld Willie had vowed;
 But ae stormy night, in a coarse rauchin rowed,
 At his door a wee wain skirled lusty an' loud,
 An' the laird left him heir to his lands an' his gowd:
 Some are fond o' a name, some are fond o' a cairn,
 But auld Will was fonder o' young Willie Nairn.

O! we'll ne'er see his like again, now he's awa!
 There are hunders mair rich, there are thousands
 mair braw;
 But he gae a' his gifts, an' they whiles werena sma',
 Wi' a grace made them lightly on puir shouthers fa';
 An' he gae in the dark, when nae rude e'e was
 glarin'—
 There was deep hidden pathos in auld Willie Nairn.

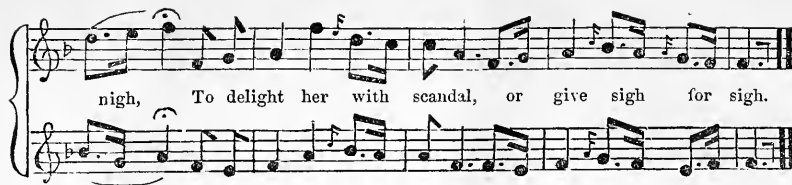
1st. Voice.

2nd. Voice.

She's the last maid of ma - ny, left bloom - ing a -

lone, All her love - ly com - pan - ions are mar - ried and

gone; No maid of her standing, no old one is



<p>I'll not leave thee, thou lone one ! to pine at thy seam, Since thy cronies are married, let's marry like them ; Thus fondly I'll clasp thee, old girl ! to my breast, And vow that no young one could make me so blest.</p>	<p>'Tis wisdom to marry when linens decay, And the buttons from shirt-necks and wrists drop away ; When old things want mending, and can't be put on, Oh ! who would inhabit a garret alone ?</p>
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GROVES OF BLARNEY.

SAME AIR.

<p>THE groves of Blarney they are most charming, All by the purling of sweet silent brooks, All deck'd with roses which spontaneous grow there, Planted in order by the sweet rocks.</p>	<p>'Tis there you'll see the sweet carnation, The blooming pink, and the blushing rose, The duffy down dilly, besides the colly Flowers that fill the sweet rock close.</p>
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'Tis Lady Jeffers that owns this station,
 Like Alexander, or Helen fair;
 There's not one commander throughout this nation,
 For emulation can with her compare.

There's castles round her, which no nine pounder
 Would dare for to enter this place of strength;
 But Oliver Cromwell he did it pommel,
 And made a breach in its battlements.

There's gravel walks there for contemplation,
 And conversation in sweet solitude;
 'Tis there the lover may hear the dove, or
 The gentle plover in the afternoon.

And if a young lady would be so engaging,
 As for to take a walk on their shady bowers;
 'Tis there her lover, he might transport her
 To some dark forth underneath the flowers.

'Tis there the cave where no daylight enters,
 But cats, rats, and badgers, for ever breed;
 And moss by nature, which makes it sweeter
 Nor a coach and six, or a bed of down.

'Tis there the lakes well stored with perches,
 And comely eels all in the verdant mud,
 Besides the leeches, and the groves of beeches,
 All standing up in order for to guard the flood.

Oh! there's many a fletcher in the kitchen,
 With maids a sleeikin in the open air;
 Oh! the bread and turkey, and the beef and whisky,
 Faith, they'd make you frisky if you were but there.

'Tis there you'll see Peg Murphy's daughter
 A poking praties before the door,
 With Nancy Casey, and Aunt Delany,
 All blood relations to my Lord Donoughmore.

Oh! there's to grace'm, this noble place in,
 All heathen goddesses so fair;
 Bold Neptune, Plutarch, and Nicodemus,
 All mother naked in the open air.

So now to finish this brief narration,
 Which I have not the geni for to entwine,
 But was I Homer or Nebuchadnezzar,
 'Tis in every feature that I'd make it shine.

Sweet spirit! while life has an impulse thou'lt be
 In sorrow and sadness an angel to me;
 Be mine as I'm thine, let's be mutually blest,
 As the love-warbling songsters that watch their
 green rest.

Come hither! to sink on my bosom—for thou,
 Thou only shalt welcome the poet's first vow;
 His truth shall be met by thy truth—thou alone
 Can'st judge of its purity, sweet! by thine own.

My name and my glory are waiting on thee,
 My heart melts in thine—my saint wilt thou be,
 My hope, and my heaven, my being, my bliss?
 Joy-giver—what joy can'st thou give more than this?

My heart is thy temple, and, living or dead,
 Thy light on its altars will ever be shed;
 And death, when it flings the poor ruin to clay,
 Shall rescue thy name from the wrecks of decay.

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

TRIO.

1st. Treble.

2nd. Treble.

Bass.

Roy's wife of Al-di-val-loch, Roy's wife of Al-di-val-loch,

Wat ye how she cheated me, As I came o'er the braes o' Balloch.

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains the melody for the first line of the song, with lyrics written below it. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef, both sharing the one-sharp key signature. The piano part features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together.

She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine, She said she lo'ed me best of ony; But

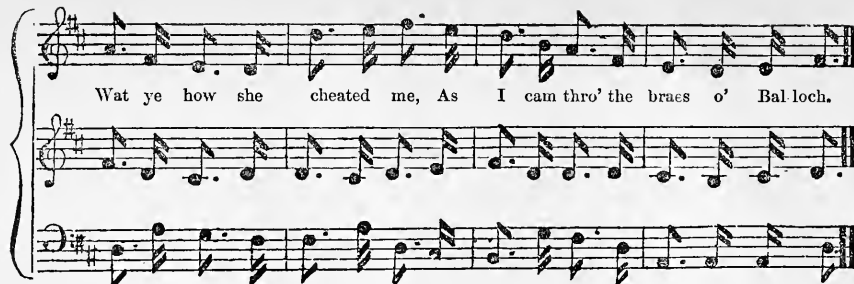
This musical system also consists of three staves, continuing the melody and piano accompaniment from the first system. The vocal line continues with the second line of the song. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic and harmonic structure as the first system.

oh! the fickle faithless quean, She's ta'en the carle, and left her John - nie.

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains the lyrics "oh! the fickle faithless quean, She's ta'en the carle, and left her John - nie." The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef, both sharing the one-sharp key signature. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some slurs and dynamic markings.

Roy's wife of Al - di - val - loch, Roy's wife of Al - di - val - loch,

This musical system also consists of three staves, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The vocal line (top staff) repeats the phrase "Roy's wife of Al - di - val - loch, Roy's wife of Al - di - val - loch,". The piano accompaniment (middle and bottom staves) continues with the same rhythmic and melodic patterns, maintaining the one-sharp key signature.



O she wæs a canty quean,
 And weel could dance the Highland walloch,
 How happy I, had she been mine,
 Or I'd been Roy of Aldivaloch.
 Roy's wife, &c.

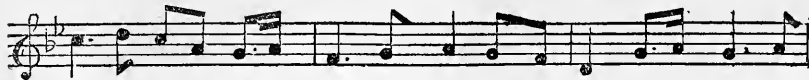
Her hair sae fair, her e'en sae clear,
 Her wee bit mou, sae sweet and bonnie;

To me she ever will be dear,
 Though she's for ever left her Johnnie.
 Roy's wife, &c.

But Roy is aulder thrice than me,
 Perhaps his days will no be mony;
 Syne, when the carle is dead and gane,
 She then may turn her thoughts on Johnnie.
 Roy's wife, &c.



Ye banks and braes, and streams a - round The



cas - tle o' Mont - gom - e - ry, Green be your woods and



fair your flowers, Your wa - ters nev - er drum - lie.



There sim - mer first un - folds her robes, And there they lang - est



tar - ry; For there I took the last fare - weel O'



How sweetly bloom'd the gay-green birk,

How rich the hawthorn's blossom,

As underneath their fragrant shade,

I clasp'd her to my bosom!

The golden hours, on angel wings,

Flew o'er me and my dearie;

For dear to me, as light and life,

Was my sweet Highland Mary!

Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace,

Our parting was fu' tender;

And pledging aft to meet again,

We tore ourselves asunder.

But, oh! fell death's untimely frost,

That nipt my flower so early!

Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,

That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now those rosy lips,

I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!

And closed for aye the sparkling glance

That dwelt on me sae kindly!

And mouldering now in silent dust,

That heart that lo'ed me dearly!

But still within my bosom's core

Shall live my Highland Mary.

As walking forth to view the plain,
 Upon a morning early,
 While May's sweet scent did cheer my brain,
 From flowers which grow so rarely ;
 I chanced to meet a pretty maid,
 She shined though it was foggie ;
 I asked her name : Sweet sir, she said,
 My name is Kath'rine Ogie.

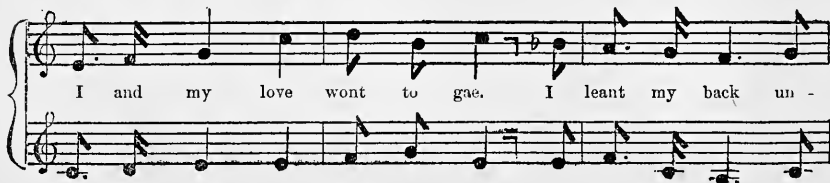
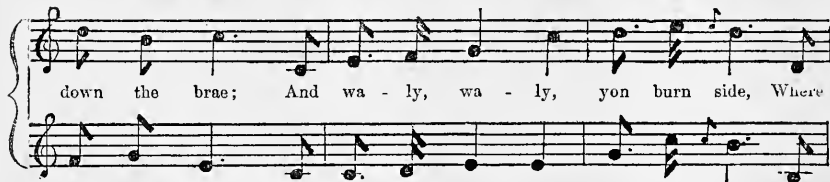
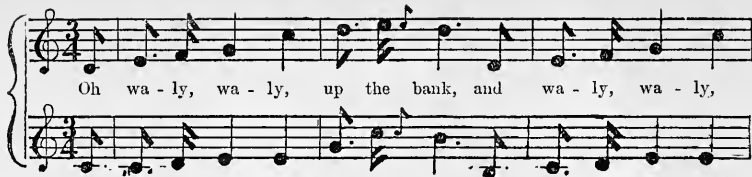
I stood awhile, and did admire,
 To see a nymph so stately ;
 So brisk an air there did appear,
 In this dear maid so neatly ;
 Such nat'ral sweetness she display'd,
 Like lilies in a bogie ;
 Diana's self was ne'er array'd
 Like this same Kath'rine Ogie.

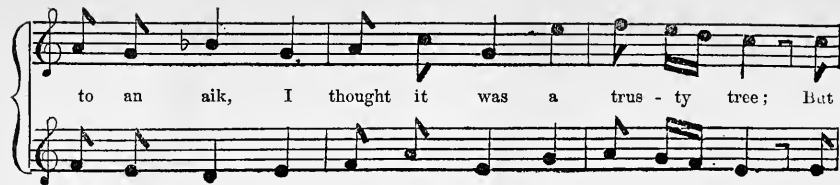
Thou flow'r of females, Beauty's queen !
 Who sees thee, sure must prize thee ;
 Though thou art drest in robes but mean,
 Yet these cannot disguise thee ;
 Thy handsome air, and graceful look,
 Excels a clownish rogie :
 Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
 My charming Kath'rine Ogie.

O were I hut some shepherd swain !
 To feed my flock beside thee,
 At boughting time to leave the plain,
 In milking to abide thee ;
 I'd think myself a happier man,
 With Kate, my club, and dogie,
 Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
 Had I but Kath'rine Ogie.

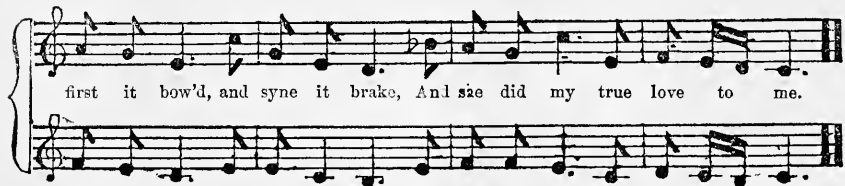
Then I'd despise the imperial throne,
 And statesmen's dang'rous stations ;
 I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
 I'd smile at conqu'ring nations ;
 Might I caress and still possess,
 This lass of whom I'm vogie ;
 For these are toys, and still look less,
 Compared with Kath'rine Ogie.

I fear the gods have not decreed
 For me so fine a creature,
 Whose beauty rare makes her exceed
 All other works in nature.
 Clouds of despair surround my love,
 That are both dark and fogie ;
 Pity my case, ye Powers above,
 I die for Kath'rine Ogie.

1st.
Voice.2nd.
Voice.



to an aik, I thought it was a trus - ty tree; But



first it bow'd, and syne it brake, And s2e did my true love to me.

Oh! waly, waly, love is sweet!
 A little time when it is new;
 But when it's auld, it waxeth cauld,
 And fades away like morning dew.

Oh! wherefore should I busk my head?
 Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
 For my true love has me forsook,
 And says he'll never lo'e me mair.

Now Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,
 The sheets shall ne'er be pressed by me;
 Saint Anton's Well shall be my drink,
 Since my true love's forsaken me.
 Oh! Mart'mas wind when wilt thou blaw,
 And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
 Oh! gentle death, when wilt thou come,
 And tak a life that wearies me?

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
 Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie;
 'Tis not sick cauld that makes me cry,
 But my love's heart grown cauld to me.

When we cam in by Glasgow town,
 We were a comely sight to see;
 My love was i' the black velvet,
 And I myself in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kist,
 That love had been sae ill to win,
 I had lockt my heart in a case o' gowd,
 And pin'd it wi' a siller pin.
 Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,
 And set upon the nurse's knee,
 And I myself were dead and gane,
 For a maid again I'll never be.

MY ARTLESS BOY.

SAME AIR.

No more I'll dream of wealth or state,
 Nor seek ambition's heights to gain;
 No more with giddy joys elate,
 I'll dance in wanton pleasure's train.

For raptures dearer far than these,
 And pleasures that have less alloy,
 And joys that virtue's self might please,
 I've found in thee, my artless boy.

I love to hail the op'ning morn ;
To hear the lark and linnet sing ;
To see the rose and milk white thorn,
And list the streamlet's murmuring.
Even nature's wildest scenes I love,
And, wandering, oft their charms enjoy ;
But none of these my feelings move,
Like thee, my sweet, my artless boy.

The smile that lights thy cherub face,
Thy mother's traits that there combine,
Thy modest loveliness and grace,
To *me* seem beauties half divine.
And when you sport at twilight's hour,
With marble, top, or gilded toy,
I feel thy guileless looks have power
To bless my heart, my artless boy.

LIGHT OF MY SOUL.

LIGHT of my soul, my only love,
O meet me in the glen at e'en,
When birds sing sweetest in the grove,
And dew-drops on the flowers are seen.
When every tone comes frae afar,
Like music o'er the distant sea,
And in the west the e'ening star
Begins to burn, O meet wi' me.

There, while the rose is blushing near,
And fragrant woodbines scent the bower,
And Calder murmurs on the ear,
I'll spend wi' thee the gloamin' hour ;
And, Mary, should I whisper syne
Mair than my tongue's yet dared to do,
Say, wilt thou promise to be mine,
And vow to be for ever true.

1 How great is the plea - sure, how sweet the de -

2 How great is the plea - sure, how sweet the de -

3 Sweet, sweet, how sweet the de -

light, When soft love and mus - ic to - geth - er u - nite.

light, When love, soft love, and mu - sic u - nite.

light, When harmony, sweet harmony, and love do u - nite.



Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'

Ha, ha, the wooing o't;

Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan sich'd baith out and in,

Grat his een baith bleert and blin',

Spak o' louping ower a linn—

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time and chance are but a tide,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't;

Slichtit love is ill to bide,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't;

Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,

For a haughty hizzy dee?

She may gae to France for me!

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes, let doctors tell,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't,

Meg grew sick—as he grew hale,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't;

Something in her bosom wrings,

For relief a sigh she brings;

And, O, her een, they spak sic things.

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't,

Maggie's was a piteous case,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't;

Duncan couldna be her death,

Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath:

Now they're crouse and cantie baith,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

DUNCAN GRAY.—*Old Set.*

SAME AIR.

WEARY fa' you, Duncan Gray,

Ha, ha, the girdin o't;

Wae gae by you, Duncan Gray,

Ha, ha, the girdin o't;

When a' the lave gae to their play,

Then I maun sit the lee lang day

And jeeg the cradel wi' my tae,

An' a' for the girdin o't.

Bonnie was the Lammas moon,
 Ha, ha, the girdin o't,
 Glowrin o'er the hills aboon,
 Ha, ha, the girdin o't;
 The girdin brak, the beast cam down,
 I tint my curch an' baith my shoon,
 An' Duncan, ye're an unco loon—
 Wae on the bad girdin o't.

But Duncan, gin you'll keep your aith,
 Ha, ha, the girdin o't,
 I'll bless you wi' my hindmost breath,
 Ha, ha, the girdin o't.
 Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,
 The beast again can bear us baith,
 And auld Mess John will mend the skaith,
 And clout the bad girdin o't.

 ROB ROY MACGREGOR.

SAME AIR.

PARDON now the bold outlaw,
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!
 Grant him mercy, gentles a',
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!
 Let your hands and hearts agree,
 Set the Highland Laddie free,
 Mak us sing wi' muckle glee,
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!

Lang the state has doom'd his fa',
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!
 Still he spurn'd the hatefu' law,
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!

Scots can for their country dee,
 Ne'er from Briton's foes they flee;
 A' that's pass'd forget—forgie,
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!

Scotland's fear, and Scotland's pride,
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!
 Your award must now abide,
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!
 Lang your favours hae been mine,
 Favours I will ne'er resign,
 Welcome then for auld langsyne,
 Rob Roy Macgregor, O!

BURNS.

INCONSTANCY OF NATURE.

SAME AIR.

LET not woman e'er complain,
 Of inconstancy in love ;
 Let not woman e'er complain,
 Fickle man is apt to rove ;—
 Look abroad through Nature's range,
 Nature's mighty law is change ;
 Ladies, would it not be strange,
 Man should then a monster prove ?

Mark the winds, and mark the skies,
 Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow ;
 Sun and moon but set to rise,
 Round and round the seasons go.
 Why then ask of silly man,
 To oppose great Nature's plan ?
 We'll be constant while we can—
 You can be no more, you know.

BURNS.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.—*Air, The Mill, Mill, O.* DUET FOR EQUAL VOICES.

1st.
Voice.

When wild war's deadly blast was blawn, And gentle peace re -

2nd.
Voice.

turn - ing, And eyes a - gain wi' pleas - ure beam'd That

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves joined by a brace on the left. Both staves are in the key of D major (two sharps) and 2/4 time. The melody is written on the upper staff, and the accompaniment on the lower staff. The lyrics 'turn - ing, And eyes a - gain wi' pleas - ure beam'd That' are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables spanning across notes.

had been bleer'd wi' mourn - ing, I left the lines and

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. It features a double bar line in the middle of the system, indicating a measure rest. The lyrics 'had been bleer'd wi' mourn - ing, I left the lines and' are written below the staves.

tent - ed fields, Where lang I'd been a lod - ger, My

The third system of musical notation concludes the page. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics 'tent - ed fields, Where lang I'd been a lod - ger, My' are written below the staves.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN (Continued.)

hum - ble knap - sack on my back, A poor but hon - est

sod - ger.

A leal light heart was in my breast,
 My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
 And for fair Scotia hame again
 I cheery on did wander.

I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
 I thought upon my Nancy,
 I thought upon the witching smile
 That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reached the bonnie glen,
Where early life I sported ;
I passed the mill and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted :
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling !
And turned me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' altered voice, quoth I, sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
O! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom !
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain wad be thy lodger ;
I've served my king and country lang ;
Take pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gazed on me,
And lovelier was than ever ;
Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never ;

Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it ;
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gazed—she reddened like a rose—
Syne pale like ony lily,
She sank within my arms and cried,
Art thou my ain dear Willie ?
By Him who made yon sun and sky,
By whom true love's regarded,
I am the man ; and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded.

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted ;
Though poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And mair we'se ne'er be parted.
Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,
A mailen plenished fairly ;
And come my faithful sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly !

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
 The farmer ploughs the manor ;
 But glory is the sodger's prize,—
 The sodger's wealth is honour.

The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
 Nor count him as a stranger ;
 Remember he's his country's stay
 In day and hour of danger.

TO FANNY FAIR COULD I IMPART.

SAME AIR.

To Fanny fair could I impart,
 The cause of all my woe, O ;
 That beauty which has won my heart,
 She scarcely seems to know, O.
 Unskilled in art of womankind,
 Without design she charms, O ;
 How can those sparkling eyes be blind
 Which every bosom warms, O ?

She knows her power is all deceit,
 The conscious blushes show, O ;
 Those blushes to the eye more sweet
 Than the opening budding rose, O.

Yet the delicious fragrant rose,
 That charms the sense so much, O,
 Upon a thorny briar grows,
 And wounds with every touch, O.

At first when I beheld the fair,
 With raptures I was blessed, O ;
 But as I would approach more near,
 At once I lost my rest, O.
 The enchanting sight, the sweet surprise—
 Prepare me for my doom, O !
 One cruel look from those bright eyes
 Will lay me in my tomb, O.

Treble.  And ye shall walk in silk at - tire, And sil - ler hae to

Tenor. 

 spare, Gin ye'll con - sent to be my bride, Nor



 think o' Don - ald mair. Oh wha wad wear a



silk - en gown, Wi' a puir brok - en heart? Or

what's to me a sil - ler crown, Gin frae my love I part?

I wadna walk in silk attire,
 Nor braid wi' gowd my hair,
 Gin he whose faith is pledged wi' mine
 Were wrang'd and grieving sair.

Frae infancy he loved me still,
 And still my heart shall prove,
 How weel it can those vows fulfil,
 Which first repaid his love.
 I wadna walk, &c.

ARISE AND COME WI' ME MY LOVE.

SAME AIR.

ARISE, and come wi' me, my love,
 My sail is spread, and see
 My merry men and gallant bark
 To breast the billows free.
 Green Neva's isle is fair, my love,
 And Saba sweet to see,
 The deep flood scenting far, my love,
 So busk and come wi' me.

I wad nae gie yon heathly hill,
 Where wild bees sing so soon—
 I wad nae gie that bloomy bush,
 Where birdies lilt in June,—
 Yon good green wood, that grassy glen,
 This small brook streaming free,
 For all the isles of spice and slaves
 Upon the sunny sea.

Thy kirtle shall be satin, love,
 All jewelled to the knee,
 The rudest wind that fills my sail
 Shall waft red gold to thee ;
 And thou shalt sit on seats of silk,
 Thy handmaids on the floor,
 The richest spice, the rarest fruits,
 Shall scent thy chamber door.

On lonely Siddick's sunward banks
 The hazel-nuts hang brown,
 And many proud eyes gaze at me,
 All in my homely gown.
 My fingers long and lily white,
 Are maids more meet for me,
 Than all the damsels of the isles,
 Who sing amid the sea.

He stepped one step from her, and said—
 'How tender, true, and long
 I've loved thee, lived for thee, and fought,
 Might grace some landward song ;
 My song maun be the sounding wave
 My good bark breasting through'—
 He waved his hand—he could nae say,
 My Jean, a long adieu.


She was a swcet and lovesome lass,
 Wi' a dark and downcast ee ;
 Now she's a wedded dame, and dounce,
 Wi' bairnies at her knee :
 Yet oft she thinks on the sailor lad
 When the sea leaps on the shore ;
 His heart was broke—and a storm came on,
 He ne'er shall waken more !

1st.
Voice.


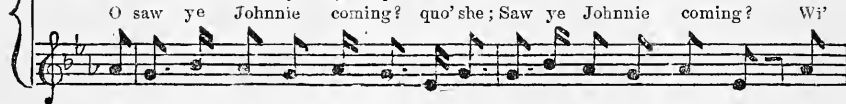


Saw ye Johnnie com-ing? quo' she; Saw ye Johnnie coming?

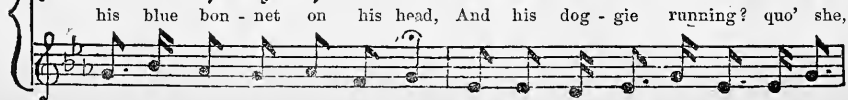
2nd.
Voice.

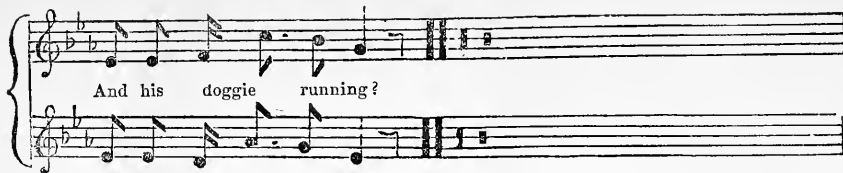


O saw ye Johnnie coming? quo' she; Saw ye Johnnie coming? Wi'



his blue bon - net on his head, And his dog - gie running? quo' she,





Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
 Fee him, father, fee him,
 Fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
 Fee him, father, fee him;
 For he is a gallant lad,
 And a weel-doing;
 And a' the wark about the house
 Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she,
 Wi' me when I see him.

What will I do wi' him, hizzie?
 What will I do wi' him?
 He's ne'er a sark upon his back,
 And I hae nane to gie him.

I hae twa sarks into my kist,
 And ane o' them I'll gie him;
 And for a merk of mair fee
 Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she,
 Dinna stand wi' him.

For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,
 Weel do I lo'e him;
 For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,
 Weel do I lo'e him.

O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she,
 Fee him, father, fee him,
 He'll haud the pleugh, thrash in the barn,
 And crack wi' me at e'en, quo' she,
 And crack wi' me at e'en.

BRUCE.

THE WISH.

SAME AIR.

GIE me not riches over mus',
 Nor pinching poverty, jo,
 But let heaven's blessings still be such,
 As keep in mid degree, jo.
 Though low my cot, and plain my fare,
 Yet will I ne'er complain, jo ;
 No, though my darg should be fu' sair,
 Frae rising sun till e'en, jo,
 Frae rising sun till e'en.

For how can man be better placed,
 Than at his daily toil, jo ?
 Or what can be a sweeter feast,
 Than produce o' his soil, jo ?
 If season'd weel wi' exercise,
 Health maks a sweet desert, jo ;
 Then spleenish vapour banished, flies
 Far frae his manly heart, jo,
 Far frae his manly heart.

Another blessing I'd implore,
 To hae a lovely fair, jo,
 At gloamin' when my task is o'er,
 My happiness to share, jo.
 Owre brecken brac, or through the grove,
 Or owre the gow'nie green, jo,
 We'll careless stray, an' tell our love,
 Ilk simmer morn an' e'en, jo,
 Ilk simmer morn an' e'en.

A friend, too, wad kind heaven indulge
 Me wi' a boon sae great, jo,
 To whom my heart I cou'd divulge,
 In ilka little strait, jo ;
 Ane wha amid the ills o' life,
 His kind advice cou'd gie, jo,
 To ward awa ilk care and strife,
 How happy should I be, jo,
 How happy should I be.

1st. Voice

The win - ter it is past, and the summer's come at

2nd. Voice.

last, And the small birds sing on e - very tree;

The hearts of these are glad, but mine is ver - y

THE WINTER IT IS PAST (Continued.)



The rose upon the brier, by the waters running
 clear,
 May give joy to the linnet and the bee ;
 Their little loves are bless'd, and their little hearts
 at rest ;
 But my true love is parted from me.

My love is like the sun, that in the sky does run,
 For ever so constant and true ;

But hers is like the moon, that wanders up and
 down,
 And every month it is new.

All you that are in love, and cannot it remove,
 I pity the pains you endure ;
 For experience makes me know that your hearts
 are full of wo,—
 A wo that no mortal can cure.

1st.
Voice.2nd.
Voice.3rd.
Voice.

Ye gentlemen of England, That live at home at

ease, Oh, little do you think upon the dangers of the

seas; Give ear un - to the ma - rin - ers and they will plainly

This system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The music is written in a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across measures.

show All the cares and the fears, all the

This system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The middle staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one flat. The music is written in a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across measures.

care and the fears, all the care and the fears,

This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The music features a mix of half notes, quarter notes, and eighth notes, with some slurs and ties.

When the stormy winds do blow, when the

This system also contains three staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature remains one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The piano part includes dynamic markings of *S.P.* (Sotto Piano) at the beginning of each staff. The music continues with similar rhythmic patterns and includes some slurs and ties.

YE GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND (Continued.)

stormy winds do blow, when the stormy winds do

blow, when the storm - y winds do blow.

The musical score is written for three staves (treble, alto, and bass clefs) in a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is primarily in the treble clef. The lyrics are: "stormy winds do blow, when the stormy winds do blow, when the storm - y winds do blow." The score is divided into two systems, each with three staves. The first system covers the first line of lyrics, and the second system covers the second line. The music features various note values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The piece concludes with a double bar line at the end of the second system.

If enemies oppose us,
When England is at wars
With any foreign nation,
We fear not wounds nor scars;
Our roaring guns shall teach 'em
Our valour for to know,
Whilst they reel on their keel,
When the stormy winds do blow.

Then courage all brave mariners,
And never be dismayed;
Whilst we have bold adventurers
We ne'er shall want a trade.
Our merchants will employ us,
To fetch them gold, we know;—
Then be bold, work for gold,
When the stormy winds do blow.

CAMPBELL.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

SAME AIR.

YE mariners of England!
Who guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again,
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow;
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
 No towers along the steep;
 Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
 Her home is on the deep.
 With thunders from her native oak
 She quells the floods below—
 As they roar on the shore,
 When the stormy tempests blow;
 When the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn;
 Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return.
 Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow;
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

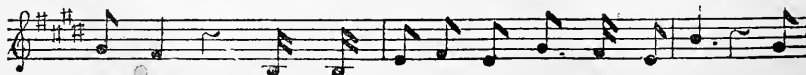
WM. CROSS.

THE DAINTY BIT PLAN.

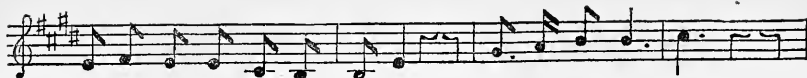
MUSIC BY P. M'L.



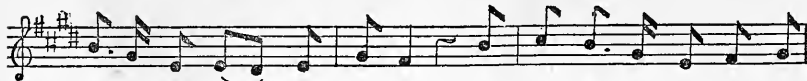
Our May had an e'e to a man, Nae less than the newly plac'd



preacher, And we plotted a dainty bit plan, For



trapping our spiritual teacher. O, we were sly, sly!



O, we were sly and sleekit! But ne'er say a herring is



dry 'till ance it be reestit and reekit.

We treated young Mr M'Gock,
We plied him wi' tea and wi' toddy;
And we praised every word that he spoke,
Till we put him maist out o' the body.
O, we were sly, sly! &c.

And then we grew a' unco guid—
Made lang faces aye in due season;
When to feed us wi' spiritual fuid,
Young Mr M'Gock took occasion.
O, we were sly, sly! &c.

Frae the kirk we were never awa',
Except when frae hame he was helping;
And then May, and often us a',
Gaed far and near after him skelping.
O, we were sly, sly! &c.

We said aye, which our neighbours thought droll,
That to hear him gang through wi' a sermon,
Was, though a wee dry on the whole,
As refreshing as dews on Mount Hermon.
O, we were sly, sly! &c.

But to come to the heart o' the nit—

The dainty bit plan that we plotted
Was to get a subscription afit,

And a *watch* to the minister voted.

O we were sly, sly ! &c.

The young women folk o' the kirk,

By turns lent a hand in collecting ;

But May took the feck o' the wark,

And the trouble the rest o' directing.

O, we were sly, sly ! &c.

A gran' watch was gotten belyve,

And May, wi' sma' priggings, consentit

To be ane o' a party o' five

To gang to the Manse and present it.

O, we were sly, sly ! &c.

We a' gied a word o' advice

To May in a deep consultation,

To hae something to say unco nice,

And to speak for the hale deputation.

O, we were sly, sly ! &c.

Taking present and speech baith in hand,

May delivered a bonnie palaver,

To let Mr M'Gock nnderstand

How zealous she was in his favour.

O, we were sly, sly ! &c.

She said that the gift was to prove

That his female friends valued him highly,

But it couldna express a' their love ;

And she glintit her e'e at him slyly.

O, we were sly, sly ! &c.

He put the gold watch in his fab,

And proudly he said he would wear it ;

And, after some flattering gab,

Tauld May he was gaun to be marryit.

O, we were sly, sly ! O, we were sly and sleekit !

But Mr M'Gock was nae gowk wi' our dainty bit
plan to be cleekit.

May cam hame wi' her heart at her mouth,

And became frae that hour a Dissenter ;

And now she's renewing her youth,

Wi' some hopes o' the Burgher precentor.

O, but she's sly, sly ! O, but she's sly and sleekit !

And cleverly opens ae door as soon as anither
ane's steekit.

MY JO JANET.



'O sweet sir, for your cour - te - sie, When ye cam by the Bass, then,



For the love ye bear to me, Buy me a keek - ing glass, then,'



'Keek in - to the draw - well, Ja - - net, Ja - net, And



there you'll see your bon - nie sel' My jo, Ja - net.'

' Keeking in the draw-well clear,
 What if I fa' in, sir ?
 Syne a' my kin will say and swear
 I drown'd mysel' for sin, sir.'
 ' Haud the better by the brae, ;
 Janet, Janet ;
 Haud the better by the brae,
 My jo Janet.'
 ' Good sir, for your courtesie,
 Coming through Aberdeen, then,
 For the love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a pair o' sheen, then.'
 ' Clout the auld, the new are dear,
 Janet, Janet ;
 Ae pair may gain you half a year,
 My jo Janet.'
 ' But what if dancing on the green,
 And skipping like a mawkin,
 If they should see my clouted sheen,
 Of me they will be tawkin ?'

' Dance aye laigh, and late at e'en,
 Janet, Janet ;
 Syne a' their fau'ts will no be seen,
 My jo Janet.'
 ' Kind sir, for your courtesie,
 When ye gae to the cross, then,
 For the love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a pacing horse, then.'
 ' Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,
 Janet, Janet ;
 Pace upo' your spinning-wheel,
 My jo, Janet.'
 ' My spinning-wheel is auld and stiff,
 The rock o't winna stand, sir ;
 To keep the temper-pin in tiff,
 Employs aft my hand, sir.'
 ' Mak the best o't that ye can,
 Janet, Janet ;
 Mak the best o't that ye can,
 My jo Janet.'

BURNS.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

SAME AIR.

SHE.

HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife.
 Nor longer idly rave, sir ;
 Though I am your wedded wife,
 Yet I am not your slave, sir.

HE.

One of two must still obey,
 Nancy, Nancy ;
 Is it man or woman, say,
 My spouse, Nancy ?

SHE.

If 'tis still the lordly word,
 Service and obedience ;
 I'll desert my sov'reign lord,
 And so good bye, allegiance !

HE.

Sad will I be, so bereft,
 Nancy, Nancy ;
 Yet I'll try to make a shift,
 My spouse, Nancy.

SHE.

My poor heart then break it must,
 My last hour I am near it ;
 When you lay me in the dust,
 Think, think, how you will bear it.

HE.

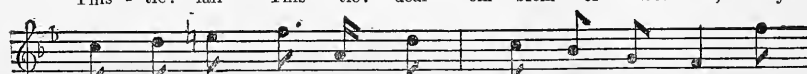
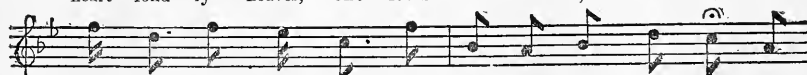
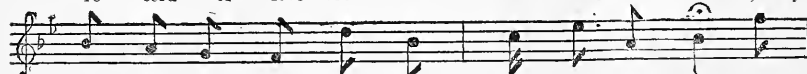
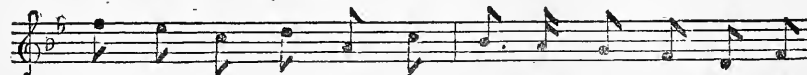
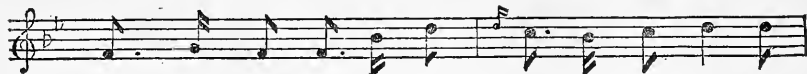
I will hope and trust in Heaven,
 Nancy, Nancy ;
 Strength to bear it will be given,
 My spouse, Nancy.

SHE.

Well, sir, from the silent dead,
 Still I'll try to daunt you ;
 Ever round your midnight bed
 Horrid sprites shall haunt you.

HE.

I'll wed another, like my dear
 Nancy, Nancy ;
 Then all hell will fly for fear,
 My spouse, Nancy.





Full oft have I crossed, in the mist of the morning,
The green-heather hills and the gowan-clad
lea
Of my own native mountains, and viewed thee
adorning
Their steeps and their plains—even then unto
thee,
Sweet Thistle! fair Thistle! dear emblem of
Scotia,
My heart, even then, fondly heaved unto thee!

But far from the land where thou first sprung in
blossom,
Transplanted a dreary lone stranger like me,

How strong must affection's pulse beat in my
bosom,
How strong must my throbbing heart heave
unto thee,
Sweet Thistle! fair Thistle! dear emblem of Scotia,
How strong must my throbbing heart heave unto
thee?

Fond, fond recollections arise like a night-dream,
Like a star gleaming bright in the breast of the
sea!
When climbing Ben-Lomond in youth's fairy
bright-dream,
I hove off my bonnet and decked it with thee,

Sweet Thistle! fair Thistle! dear emblem of Scotia,
I hove off my bonnet and decked it with thee!

And oft far from home on the Eagle-cliffs flying,
Thy kernal afforded a banquet to me;
And oft in the sunshine on heather-banks lying,
I've dreamt of thy Wallace, while gazing on thee,
Sweet Thistle! fair Thistle! dear emblem of Scotia,
I've dreamt of thy heroes while gazing on thee!

But bloom on fair Thistle, it never shall grieve me,
Though my bed on the maiz-bank beside thee
should be,

And I swear by my native land never to leave
thee,

But dream of my country, and gaze upon thee,
Sweet Thistle! fair Thistle! dear emblem of
Scotia,

I'll dream of my country, while gazing on thee!

GALA WATER.

TRIO.

1st. Treble.

2d. Treble.

Bass.

Braw, braw lads on Yar-row braes, Ye wan-der thro' the

bloom - ing hea - ther, But Yar - row braes, nor Et - trick shaws, Can

This system contains three staves of music. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, respectively, also with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

match the lads o' Ga - la wa - ter.

This system contains three staves of music, continuing from the first system. It features the same vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs on all three staves.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
 Aboon them a' I lo'e him better,
 And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
 The bonnie lad o' Gala water.

Although his daddie was nae laird,
 An' though I ha'e nae meikle tocher,

Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
 We'll tent our flocks by Gala water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
 That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
 The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
 O that's the chiefest world's treasure!

MARY'S CHARMS.

SAME AIR.

MARY's charms subdued my breast,
 Her glowing youth, her manner winning,
 My faithful vows I fondly press'd,
 And mark'd the sweet return beginning.

Fancy, kindly on my mind,
 Yet paints that evening's dear declining,
 When raptur'd first I found her kind,
 Her melting soul to love resigning.

Years of nuptial bliss have rolled,
 And still have found her more endearing,
 Each wayward passion she controlled,
 Each anxious care, each sorrow cheering.

Children now in ruddy bloom,
 With artless look attention courting,
 With infant smiles dispel each gloom,
 Around our hut so gaily sporting.



Is there for , ho - nest po - ver - ty, That hangs his head an' a' that, The



cow - ard slave, we pass him by, And dare be poor for a' that.

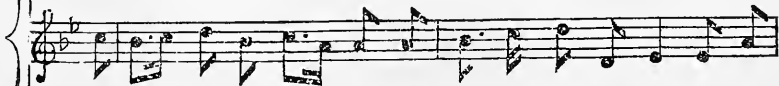
Chorus

1st.
Voice.

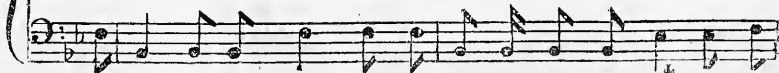


For a' that, and a' that, Our toils ob - scure, and a that, The

2nd.
Voice.



3rd.
Voice.





rank is but the gui - nea stamp, The man's the goud for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hodden grey, and a' that;
 Gie fools their silks and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that:
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel show, and a' that;
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts and stares, and a' that;
 Though hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that,
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His ribband, star, and a' that;
 The man of independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

The king can mak a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Gude faith, he maunna fa' that !
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that,
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray, that come it may,
 As come it will, for a' that,
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, and a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that,
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

BURNS.

FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT.

SAME AIR.

I AM a bard of no regard,
 Wi' gentle folks and a' that ;
 But Homer-like, the glowrin byke,
 Frae town to town I draw that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 And twice as muckle's a' that ;
 I've lost but ane, I've twa behind,
 I've wife enough for a' that.

I never drank the Muses' stank,
 Castalia's burn, and a' that ;
 But there it streams, and richly reams,
 My Helicon I ca' that.
 For a' that, &c.

Tho' women's minds, like winter winds,
 May shift and turn, and a' that,
 The noblest breast adores them maist,
 A consequence I draw that,
 For a' that, &c.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
 Their humble slave, and a' that,
 But lordly will, I hold it still
 A mortal sin to thraw that.
 For a' that, &c.

In raptures sweet, this hour we meet,
 Wi' mutual love and a' that ;
 But for how lang the flie may stang,
 Let inclination law that.
 For a' that, &c.

Their tricks and craft hae put me daft,
 They've taen me in and a' that ;
 But clear your decks, and—Here's the sex !
 I like the jads for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
 And twice as muckle's a' that,
 My dearest BLUDE, to do them gude,
 They're welcome till't for a' that.

But ah! the tempest rude, spares nae the solitude,
 Cherish'd and sweet tho' its blossoms may be;
 Death robs the choicest bowers aft o' their fairest
 flowers,
 Rudely his hand hath reft Mary frae me.

'Twas my ain Mary, whase voice wild an' fairy,
 Sweet at the mornin'-time, rang through the
 air;
 E'enin' is weepin', that sweet voice is sleepin',
 Dim are those cen o' blue—Mary's nae mair.

Hogg.

THE SKYLARK.

SAME AIR.

Bird of the wilderness,
 Blythesome and cumberless,
 Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling place,
 O to abide in the desert with thee!
 Wild is thy lay and loud,
 Far in the downy cloud,
 Love gives it energy, love gave it birth,
 Where on thy dewy wing,
 Where art thou journeying?
 Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
 O'er moor and mountain green,
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
 Over the cloudlet dim,
 Over the rainbow's rim,
 Musical cherub, soar, singing, away;
 Then, when the gloaming comes,
 Low in the heather blooms,
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be;
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling place—
 O to abide in the desert with thee!

1st. Voice.

2nd. Voice.

'Twas on a sum - mer's af - ter - noon, A wee a - fore the

sun gaed down, My lass - ie wi' a braw new gown, Cam

o'er the Lill to Gow - rie. The rose - bud ting'd wi'

morn - ing showers, Bloom'd fresh with - in the sun - ny bow'rs. But

Kit - ty was the fair - est flow'r That ev - er bloom'd in Gow - rie.

I prais'd her beauty loud and lang,
Then round her waist my arms I flang,
And said, ' My lassie will ye gang
To view the Carse o' Gowrie ?

I'll take you to my father's ha',
In yon green field beside the shaw,
And make you lady o' them a',
The brawest wife in Gowrie.

Soft kisses on her lips I laid,
 The blush upon her cheek soon spread;
 She whispered modestly, and said,
 ' I'll gang wi' you to Gowrie.'

The auld folk soon gave their consent,
 And to Mess John we quickly went,
 Wha tied us to our heart's content,
 And now she's Lady Gowrie.


BURNS.

TO THE WOODLARK.


SAME AIR.

O STAY, sweet warbling woodlark stay,
 Nor quit for me the trembling spray,
 A hapless lover courts thy lay,
 Thy soothing, fond complaining.
 Again, again that tender part,
 That I may catch thy melting art;
 For surely that would touch her heart,
 Wha kills me wi' disdaining.

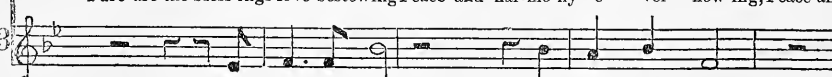
Say, was thy little mate unkind,
 And heard thee as the careless wind?
 Oh! nought but love and sorrow join'd,
 Sic notes o' wo could wauken.
 Thou tells o' never-ending care;
 O' speechless grief, and dark despair;
 For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!
 Or my poor heart is broken!

1 

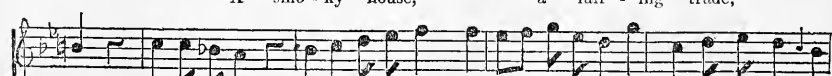
Give me the sweet de-lights of love, Let not anxious care de-stroy them; Oh! how di-

2 

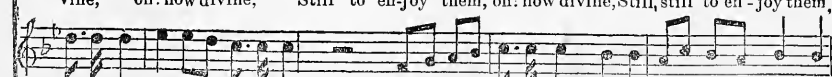
Pure are the bless-ings love bestowing Peace and har-mo-ny e - ver flow-ing, Peace and

3 

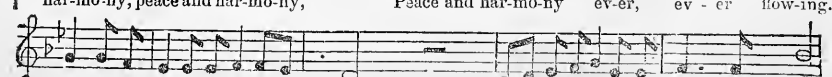
A smo - ky house, a fail - ing trade,

2 

vine, oh! how divine, Still to en-joy them, oh! how divine, Still, still to en-joy them,

3 

har-mo-ny, peace and har-mo-ny, Peace and har-mo-ny ev-er, ev - er flow-ing.

1 

Six squalling brats and a scolding jade, Six squalling brats and a scolding jade.



Be - hind yon hills, where Lu - gar flows, 'Mid



muir and moss - es man - y O! The win - try sun the



day has clos'd, And I'll a - wa' to Nan - nie, O!



The west - lin winds blaw loud and shrill, The night's baith mirk and



rai - ny, O; But I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal, And



o'er the hills to Nan - nie, O.

My Nannie's charmin', sweet, and young,
 Nae artfu' smiles to win ye, O;
 May ill befa' the flattering tongue,
 That wad beguile my Nannie, O!
 Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 As spotless as she's bonnie, O;
 The openin' gowan, wet wi' dew,
 Nae purer is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
 And few there be that ken me, O;
 But what care I, how few there be—
 I'm welcome to my Nannie, O.

My riches a' 's my penny fee,
 And I maun guide it cannie, O.
 But world's gear ne'er troubles me,
 My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld guid man delights to view
 His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O;
 But I'm as blythe that hauds his plough,
 And has nae care but Nannie, O.
 Come weel, come wae, I carena by,
 I'll tak what heaven will send me, O.
 Nae other care in life hae I,
 But live and love my Nannie, O.

HUNT.

LOVELY, BLOOMING JENNY, O,

SAME AIR.

Oh! like a rosy gleam of light,
 When first I met my Jenny, fair;
 The rose upon my ravished sight,
 Above my praise, above compare!

Oft, in the festive hours of glee,
 I've toyed with lasses many, O!
 But none charmed with such ecstasy
 As lovely, blooming Jenny, O!

Oh! blest be Mona's groves and bowers,
Where first I met my Jenny, dear,
And oft, as fly the raptured hours,
We vow to love through life sincere!

The fairest flower on beauty's train,
The kindest of the many, O!
Unrivalled o'er my heart shall reign,
For aye my lovely Jenny, O!

CAMPBELL.

THE EXILE OF ERIN.—*Air, Erin go Bragh.*

1st. Voice.

2nd. Voice.

There came to the beach a poor ex - ile of Er - in, The

dew on his thin robe was hea - vy and chill, For his

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lower staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the staves.

coun - try he sigh'd when at twi - light re - pair - ing To

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lower staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the staves.

wan - der a - lone by the wind-beat-en hill; But the day - star at-

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lower staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are written below the staves.

tract - ed his eyes sad de - vo - tion, For it rose on his own na - tive

isle of the o - cean, Where once in the fire of his youth - ful e -

mo - tion, He sung the bold an - them of E - rin go Bragh..

The image shows a musical score for a song. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a grand staff with two staves. The first system contains the lyrics 'isle of the o - cean, Where once in the fire of his youth - ful e -'. The second system contains the lyrics 'mo - tion, He sung the bold an - them of E - rin go Bragh..'. The music is written in a key with one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is primarily on the upper staff of each system, with the lower staff providing harmonic support. The lyrics are placed between the staves of each system.

Sad is my fate ! said the heart-broken stranger,
 The wild deer and wolf to a covert can
 flee,
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
 A home and a country remain not for me,

Never again in the green sunny bowers
 Where my forefathers lived shall I spend the sweet
 hours,
 Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
 And strike to the number of Erin go Bragh.

Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
 But alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
 And sigh for the friends who can meet me no
 more.

O cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
 In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase
 me?
 Never again shall my brothers embrace me,
 They died to defend me, or live to deplore.

Where is my cabin door, fast by the wild wood?
 Sisters and sire, did you weep for its fall?
 Where is the mother that looked on my childhood?
 And where is the bosom friend, dearer than all?

Oh, my sad heart! long abandoned by pleasure,
 Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?
 Tears like the rain-drop, may fall without mea-
 sure,
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,
 One dying wish my lone bosom can draw,
 Erin, an exile, bequeathes thee his blessing,
 Land of my forefathers—Erin go Bragh!
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
 Green be thy fields sweetest isle of the ocean,
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with de-
 votion,
 Erin mavourneen, Erin go Bragh!

SAVOURNA DEELISH.

SAME AIR.

O, THE moment was sad when my love and I parted,
 Savourna deelish shigan, O!

As I kiss'd off her tears I was nigh broken-
 hearted,

Savourna, &c.

Wan was her cheek, which hung on my shoulder,
 Damp was her hand, no marble was colder,
 I felt that I never again should behold her,
 Savourna, &c.

When the word of command put our men into
 motion,

Savourna, &c.

I buckled my knapsack to cross the wide ocean,
 Savourna, &c.

Brisk were our troops, all roaring like thunder,
 Pleased with the voyage, impatient for plunder,
 My bosom with grief was almost torn asunder,
 Savourna, &c.

Long I fought for my country, far, far from my
true love,

Savourna, &c.

All my pay and my booty I boarded for you, love,
Savourna, &c.

Peace was proclaimed, escaped from the slaughter,
I landed at home, my sweet girl I sought her;
But sorrow, alas! to her cold grave had brought
her.

Savourna, &c.

HAMPTON.

CALEDONIA.

SAME AIR.

CALEDONIA, my country, thy rivers and fountains,
And green fertile valleys, exulting, I sing;
How pleasant's thy sweet-blooming moorlands
and mountains,

When dressed in the gaudy profusion of spring;
Where, fanned by the soft summer sea-breeze thy
shore is,

While flocks bleat around us, and woods pour
their chorus,

And mild morning-beams gild the landscape
before us,

Allspangl'd with dew-drops, how charming the scene!

Healthy thy clime is, of mild temperature,

Remote from the rays of the polar extreme;

And distant from regions, where languishing nature

Melts in the blaze of the sun's torrid beam;

Happy land! where no raging volcanoes are pouring,

Where no serpents hiss, no fell monsters devouring,

No clouds stor'd with death in thy horizon lowering,

No pestilence floats on thy soft breezes' wing.

While daring, yet prudent, thy sons fill their stations,
Scarcely equalled in arts, and unrivalled in arms;
For learning thy fame resounds through all the
nations,

And peerless thy daughters in virtues and charms!
From times unrecorded, thy freedom descended,
Through ages of heroes whose valour defended
Thy charters, while foes all their vengeance exp-
ended

Against thy wild mountains and borders in vain!

Be plenty, my country, and peace thy possession,
And Freedom's bright sunbeams illumine thy fair day;
And far from thy shores be all want and oppression,
While virtue's bold streams sweep corruption
away!

May friendship unite, and may love and affection,
And virtue, thy children exalt to perfection,
To guard thy loved shores, be their strength and
protection,

While time rolls, through ages unnumbered, away.

1st. Treble.

2nd. Treble.

Bass.

For - give blest shade! the tri - bu - ta - ry tear, That

Detailed description: This block contains the first system of a musical score. It features three staves: 1st. Treble, 2nd. Treble, and Bass. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is written across the three staves, with the lyrics 'For - give blest shade! the tri - bu - ta - ry tear, That' written below the notes. The notation includes various note values (quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes) and rests.

mourns thy ex - it from a world like this; For - give the

Detailed description: This block contains the second system of the musical score. It continues the melody from the first system across three staves (1st. Treble, 2nd. Treble, and Bass). The lyrics 'mourns thy ex - it from a world like this; For - give the' are written below the notes. The notation includes various note values and rests, maintaining the 2/4 time signature and one sharp key signature.

FORGIVE BLEST SHADE (Continued.)

wish that would have kept thee here, And stay'd thy pro - gress to the

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle and bottom staves are also treble clefs with a key signature of one sharp. The music is written in a common time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the words 'wish that would have kept thee here, And stay'd thy pro - gress to the'.

seats of bliss. No more con - fin'd to

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle and bottom staves are also treble clefs with a key signature of one sharp. The music is written in a common time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the words 'seats of bliss. No more con - fin'd to'.

FORGIVE BLEST SHADE (Continued.)

grov' - ling scenes of night. No more a te - nant pent in

no more a te - nant pent in
Cres.

mor - tal clay, Now should we - ra - ther hail thy glo - rious

p *Cres.*

flight, And trace thy jour - ney to the realms of day!

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a crescendo (*Cres.*) marking. The melody features a half note 'flight,' followed by eighth notes for 'And trace thy jour - ney to the realms of day!'. The middle staff is also in treble clef and follows the same melodic line. The bottom staff is in bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment with eighth and sixteenth notes.

and trace thy

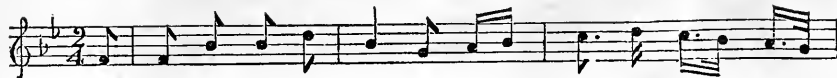
And trace thy jour - ney to the realms of day!

jour - ney thy jour - ney to the realms of day!

This system also consists of three staves in the same key signature and clefs. The top staff continues the melody with the lyrics 'And trace thy jour - ney to the realms of day!'. The middle and bottom staves provide harmonic support. The system concludes with a double bar line.

THE BAY OF BISCAÏ.

DAVY.



Loud roar'd the dread-ful thun der, The rain a del - uge



show'rs, The clouds were rent a - sun - der By light-nings vi - vid



powers; The night both drear and dark, Our poor de - vot - ed



bark, Till next day There she lay, In the Bay of Bis-cay, O!



Now dash'd upon the billow,
 Our op'ning timbers creak ;
 Each fears a wat'ry pillow,
 None stop the dreadful leak !
 To cling to slipp'ry shrouds,
 Each breathless seaman crowds,
 As she lay,
 Till the day,
 In the Bay of Biscay, O !

At length the wish'd-for morrow
 Broke through the hazy sky ;
 Absorb'd in silent sorrow,
 Each heaved a bitter sigh ;

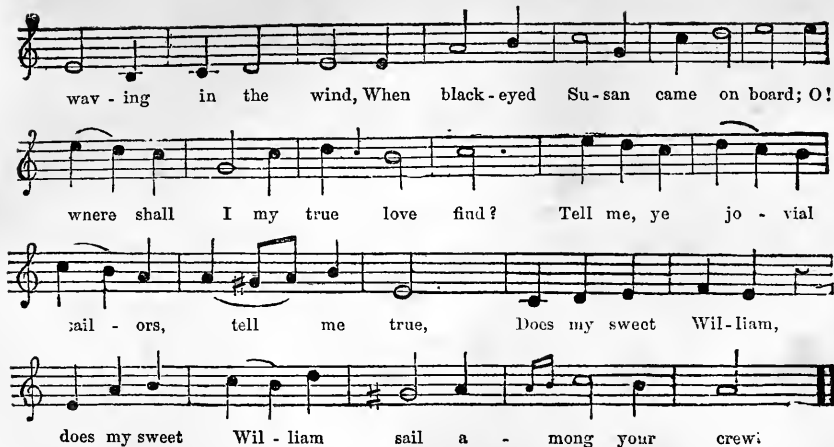
The dismal wreck to view,
 Struck horror to the crew,
 As she lay,
 On that day,
 In the Bay of Biscay, O !
 Her yielding timbers sever,
 Her pitchy seams are rent ;
 When Heaven, all bounteous ever,
 Its generous succour sent !
 A sail in sight appears,
 We hail her with three cheers !
 Now we sail,
 With the gale,
 From the Bay of Biscay, O !

CAY.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

SEVERIDGE.





wav - ing in the wind, When black-eyed Su-san came on board; O!

where shall I my true love find? Tell me, ye jo - vial

sail - ors, tell me true, Does my sweet Wil-liam,

does my sweet Wil - liam sail a - mong your crew!

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,

He sigh'd and cast his eyes below;
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest ;
The noblest captain in the British fleet,
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

' O Susan, Susan, lovely dear !
My vows shall ever true remain :
Let me kiss off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again ;
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

' Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind ;
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find ;
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present whereso'er I go.

' If to far India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white ;
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

' Though battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return ;
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.'

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosoms spread,
No longer must she stay on board ;
They kiss'd—she sigh'd—he hung his head ;
Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land,
' Adieu,' she cried, and waved her lily hand.



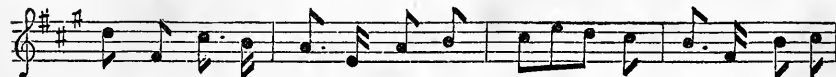
My bon-nie Al - ie Al - i - son, Dear, dear, art thou to me; Wi'



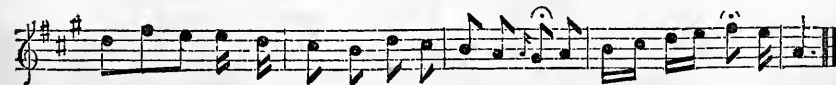
sun-shine on thy snaw - y brow, An' star - light in thine e'e. Thou'rt



deck'd wi' a the sum-mer flow'rs, An' a' the sweets o' spring. An'thou mak'st my heartie



light - er far Than bird up - on the wing, Than bird up - on the



wing, For thou mak'st my heartie light-er far Than bird up - on the wing.

My bonnie Alie Alison,
 The magic o' thy name
 Floods a' the well-springs o' my heart;
 An' thrills thro' a' my frame;
 An' ilka glistening sunny shower,
 That thy wee winkers fling,
 Aye glances clearer in my breast,
 An' floods the mair the spring:

My bonnie Alie Alison,
 O gin thou wert but mine,
 In rapture I wad worship thee,
 As gin thou wert divine;
 My een sae fou o' purity,
 My heart sae like to sing;
 O my soul wud float in melody,
 Like bird upon the wing.

REV. MR SKINNER:

THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKED HORN.



O were I ab - le to rehearse my ew - ie's praise in pro - per verse, I'd



sing it out as loud and fierce as ev - er pip - er's drone cou'd blaw.

Chorus.

1st.
Voice.2nd.
Voice.3rd.
Voice.

My ew - ie wi' the crook - ed horn, Weel de - serv'd baith garse and corn,

Sic a ew - ie ne'er was born, Here - a - bout, nor far a - wa.

I neither needed tar nor keel,
 To mark her upo' hip or heel,
 Her crooked horn it did as well,
 To ken her by amo' them a'.
 The ewie, &c.

She never threaten'd scab nor rot,
 But keep'd ay her ain jog trot,
 Baith to the fauld and to the cot,
 Was never sweer to lead nor ca'.
 The ewie, &c.

Cauld or hunger never dang her,
 Wind or rain could never wrang her,
 Ance she lay a week an' langer
 Out aneath a wreath o' snaw.
 The ewie, &c.

When other ewies lap the dyke,
 And ate the kail for a' the tyke,
 My ewie never play'd the like,
 But tees'd about the barnyard wa'.
 The ewie, &c.

A better nor a thriftier beast,
 Nae honest man cou'd weel ha' wist,
 For silly thing she never mist,
 To hae ilk year a lamb or twa.
 The ewie, &c.

The first she had I gae to Jock,
 To be to him a kind o' stock,
 And now the laddie has a flock
 Of mair than thirty head to ca'.
 The ewie, &c.

The neist I gae to Jean, and now
 The bairn's sae bra,' has fauld sae fu',
 That lads sae thick come her to woo,
 They're fain to sleep on hay or straw.
 The ewie, &c.

I looked ay at even for her,
 For fear the sumart might devour her,
 Or some meshanter had come o'er her,
 If the beastie bade awa'.
 The ewie, &c.

Yet Monday last, for a' my keeping,
 I canna speak it without greeting,
 A villain cam, when I was sleeping,
 And staw my ewie, horn, an' a'.
 The ewie, &c.

I sought her sair upo' the morn,
 And down aneath a buss of thorn,
 I got my ewie's crooked horn,
 But ah! my ewie was awa'.
 The ewie, &c.

But an' I had the lown that did it,
 I've sworn and ban'd, as well as said it,
 Tho' a' the warld shou'd forbid it,
 I wa'd gie his neck a thraw.
 The ewie, &c.

I never met wi' sic a turn
 As this, since ever I was born,
 My ewie wi' the crooked horn,
 Piur silly ewie stown awa'.
 The ewie, &c.

O had she died of crook or cauld!
 As ewies die when they are auld,
 It wad'na been, by mony fauld,
 Sae sair a heart to nane o's a'.
 The ewie, &c.

For a' the claith that we hae worn,
 Frae her an hers sae aften shorn,
 The loss o' her we cou'd hae born,
 Had fair strae death tane her awa'.
 The ewie, &c.

But silly thing to lose her life,
 Aneath a greedy villain's knife,
 I'm really fear'd that our goodwife
 Sall never win aboon't ava.
 The ewie, &c.

O all ye bards beneath Kinghorn,
 Call up your muses, let them mourn,
 Our ewie wi' the crooked horn,
 Is stown frae us, and fell'd, and a'.
 The ewie, &c.

THE WAITS.

SAVILLE (1667.)

To be Sung Four Times.—1st. f; 2nd. p; 3rd. pp; 4th. ff.

1st. Treble.

2nd. Treble or Alts.

Tenor.

Bass.

Fa la la la, fa la la la, Fa la

Fa la la la, fa la la la, Fa la

Fa la la la, fa la la la, Fa

Fa la la la, fa la la la, Fa

la la, fa la la la, Fa la la la la la la,

la la, fa la la la, Fa la la la la la la,

la la, fa la la la, Fa la la la la la la,

la la, fa la la la, Fa la la la la la la,

The musical score consists of four staves, each with a vocal line and lyrics. The first three staves are in treble clef, and the fourth is in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words separated by a period or comma. The music is a simple melody with a mix of quarter, eighth, and half notes, and rests.

Fa la la l. fa la la la, Fa la la, fa la la la

Fa la la la, fa la la, Fa la la, fa la la la la la.

Fa la la la la, fa la la la, Fa la la, fa la la la la.

Fa la la la, fa la la, Fa la la, fa la la la la.

Nanny had a man,
 A drunken market caddy,
 Connaught cock-nosed Dan,
 A swearin', tearin' paddy.
 Sic a knuckled han',
 Sic an arm o' vigour;
 Nan might scold and ban,
 But brawly could he swigg her.
 Aye smashin' smashin',
 Danny was nae canny;
 Few could stand a thrashin'
 Frae stieve-fisted Danny.

They lived up a stair
 Down in the Laigh Calton.
 Siccan shines were there,
 Siccan noisy peltin';
 Danny wi' his rung
 Steekin' ilka wizen;

Nanny wi' her tongue,
 Nineteen to the dizen.
 Aye clashin', clashin',
 Trowth it was nae canny;
 Ony fashin', fashin',
 Danny an' his Nanny.

Bodies round about
 Couldna thole nor bide them;
 Fairly flitted out,
 Nane were left beside them;
 Their bink was a' their ain,
 Nane could meddle wi' them,—
 Neighbour lairds were fain
 A' the land to lea' them.
 Some gae hashin' smashin',
 Makin' siller canny,
 Wha gat rich by clashin'?
 Danny and his Nanny.

They'd a bonnie lassie,
 Tonguey as her mither ;
 Yet as game and gaucie
 As her fightin' faither.
 O! her waist was sma',
 O! her cheeks were rosy,
 Wi' a shower o' snaw,
 Flaiket owre her bozy
 Sun rays brightly flashin'
 Owre the waters bonnie,
 Glanced nae like the lashin',
 Sparklin' een o' Anny.

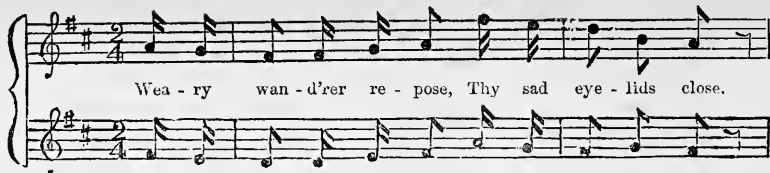
Sight ye never saw,
 Like the laird and leddy,
 Wi' their dochter braw,
 An' themsel's sae tidy :
 Wi' their armies crost,
 On their ain stair muntit;

Gin ye daured to hoast,
 How their pipies luntit.
 Wooers e'er sae dashin',
 Durst nae ca' on Anny,
 Dauntit wi' the clashin'
 O' her mither Nanny.

Beauty blooming fair
 Aye sets hearts a bleezing;
 Lovers' wits are rare,
 Lovers' tongues are wheezing.
 Barred out at the door,
 A slee loun scaled the skylight,
 An' drappit on the floor,
 Afore the auld folks eyesight.
 In a flaming passion,
 Maul'd by faither Danny,
 Aff, to lea' the fashion,
 Scamper'd bonnie Anny.

1st.
Voice.

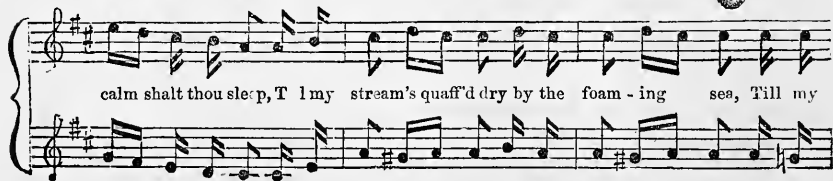
2nd.
Voice.



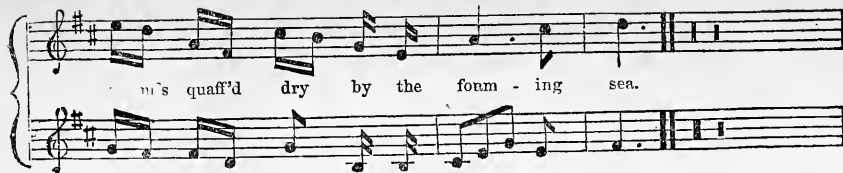
Wea - ry wan - d'r'er re - pose, Thy sad eye - lids close.



This is thy home, thou shalt dwell with me, In bed so deep, Calm,



calm shalt thou sleep, Till my stream's quaff'd dry by the foam - ing sea, Till my



This to be Sung after the Last Verse.



Soft pillows are spread,
 Oh! rest thy head
 In my chamber so blue and so crystal clear;
 Ye wavelets, roll,
 And lull his soul,
 Wavelets to rock him, oh! quick hasten here.

Away! away!
 Nor too near him stray;
 At your shadow, girl, he will wake with surprise;

Yet ere you've past,
 Your 'kerchief cast,
 With it I'll cover the sleeping one's eyes.

None thy slumbers shall break,
 'Til all shall wake;
 In sleep thou shalt bury both grief and joy;
 The moon shines bright,
 Through mists of night,
 And how broadly above us is spread the blue sky.

T. W. KELLY.

LOVE AND DEATH.

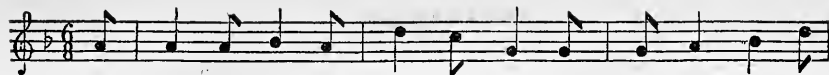
SAME AIR.

YOUNG Love and Death, by chance one night,
 Stopped at a hut together,
 While raged the storm, with lurid light,
 To shelter from the weather ;
 Love gave the host, with strict behest,
 His darts to keep till morning,
 Death too, gave his, with looks, stern guest !
 Of future ills a warning.

Each to his chamber then retired ;
 But when the sun was peeping,
 The travellers of the host required
 Their charge, left in his keeping ;
 The host complied ; but, as we are told,
 Too fatally mistaking,
 Gave Death Love's arrows tipped with gold,
 Young Love in turn Death's taking.

Whichever course the archers went,
 They caused a sad confusion !
 Old age, on whom Death's aim was bent.
 Felt playful Love's delusion ;
 While victims, maids, and youths became,
 Where luckless cupid wandered !
 Young hearts dropped in a blighted frame,
 And passion's bliss was squandered

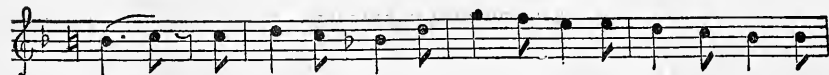
Love soon his fellow-traveller met,
 And straight with sobs and sighing,
 Complained that all he aimed at yet,
 Were either dead or dying !
 Said Death, ' dry up your tears, poor boy !
 Take back your own bright quiver,
 And give me mine.' Love did with joy ;
 —They parted then for ever !



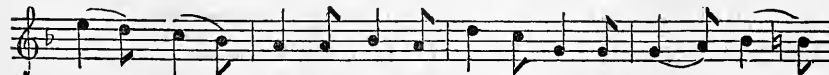
The kiss, dear maid! thy lip has left, Shall nev - er part from



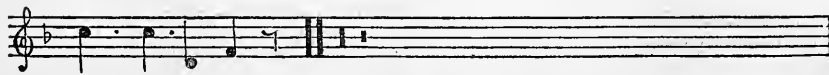
mine, Till hap-pier hours re - store the gift, Un - taint - ed back



thine. I ask no pledge to make me blest, In gaz - ing whe-



lone; Nor one me - mo - rial for a breast, Whose thoughts are



all thine own.

Nor need I write—to tell the tale
 My pen was doubly weak ;
 Oh ! what can idle words avail,
 Unless the heart could speak ?

By day or night, in weel or woe,
 That heart no longer free,
 Must bear the love it cannot show,
 And silence echo for thee.

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL

SAME AIR.

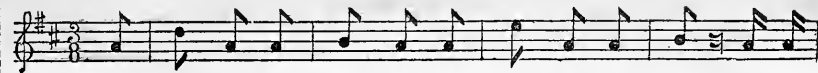
Why do I weep !—to leave the vine,
 Whose clusters o'er me bend !
 The myrtle—yet, oh ! call it mine !—
 The flowers I loved to tend !
 A thousand thoughts of all things dear,
 Like shadows o'er me sweep !
 leave my sunny childhood here,
 Oh ! therefore let me weep !

I leave thee, sister—we have play'd
 Through many a joyous hour,
 Where the silvery green of the olive shade
 Hung dim o'er fount and bower !
 Yes ! thou and I, by stream, by shore,
 In song, in prayer, in sleep,
 Have been as we may be no more—
 Kind sister let me weep !

I leave thee, father !—Eve's bright moon
 Must now light other feet,
 With the gather'd grapes, and the lyre in tune,
 Thy homeward steps to greet'
 Thou, in whose voice to bless thy child,
 Lay tones of love so deep,
 Whose eye o'er all my youth hath smiled,—
 I leave thee !—let me weep !

Mother ! I leave thee !—on thy breast
 Pouring out joy and woe,
 I have found that holy place of rest,
 Still changeless—yet I go !
 Lips that have lull'd me with your strain,
 Eyes that have watched my sleep !
 Will earth give love like *yours* again ?—
 Sweet mother, let me weep !

ALLEGRO.



Well met pret - ty nymph, says a come - ly young swain, To a



love - ly young shep - herd - ess cross - ing the plain, when cross - ing the



plain. Why so much in haste? (now the month it was May,) Shall I



ven - ture to ask you, fair maid - en, which way? May I ven - ture to



ask you, fair maid - en, which way? Then straight to this ques - tion, the

I hope, pretty maid, you won't take it amiss,
If I tell you the reason of asking you this ;
Of asking, &c.

I'd see you safe home (now the swain was in love),
Of such a companion, if you should approve.

Of such a companion, &c.

Your offer, kind shepherd, is civil, I own,
But I see no great danger in going alone ;

In going, &c.

Nor yet can I hinder, the road being free
For one as another, for you as for me.

Nor yet can I hinder, &c.

No danger in going alone, it is true,
But yet a companion is pleasanter too,

Is pleasanter, &c.

And if you could like (now the swain he took
heart),

Such a sweetheart as me, why we never would
part.

Such a sweetheart, &c.

O! that's a long word, said the shepherdess, then ;
I've often heard say, there's no trusting you
men.

There's no trusting, &c.

You'll say and unsay, and you'll flatter, 'tis true ;
Then leave a young maiden the first thing you do.

You'll say, &c.

O! judge not so harshly, the shepherd replied,
To prove what I say, I will make you my bride ;
Will make you, &c.

To morrow the parson (well said little swain),
Shall join both our hands, and make one of us
twain.

Shall join, &c.

Then what the nymph answer'd to this is not said ;
But the very next morn, to be sure, they were wed.

To be sure, &c.

Sing hey derry, ho derry, hey derry down ;
Now when shall we see such a wedding in town.

Sing hey derry, &c.

BURNS.

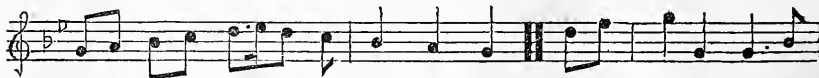
LOGAN WATER.



O Lo - gan sweet - ly did'st thou glide, That day I was my



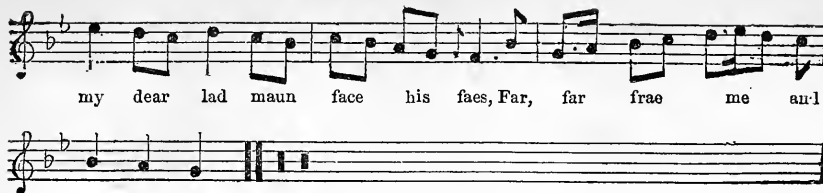
Wil - lie's bride; And years sin - syne hae o'er us run, Like



Lo - gan to the sim - mer sun. But now thy flow'-ry



banks ap - pear Like drum-lie win - ter, dark and drear, While



Lo - gan braes.

Again the merry month o' May
Has made our hills and valleys gay;
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing flowers;
Blithe morning lifts his rosy eye,
And evening's tears are tears of joy;
My soul delightless a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush;
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his song her cares beguile;

But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O! wae upon you men o' state,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
As ye make mony a fond heart morn,
Sae may it on your heads return!
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tears, and orphan's cry?
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie hame to Logan braes!

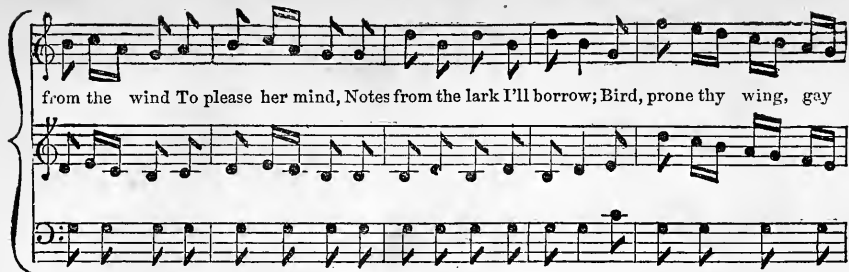
1st. Treble.

2nd. Treble.

Bass.

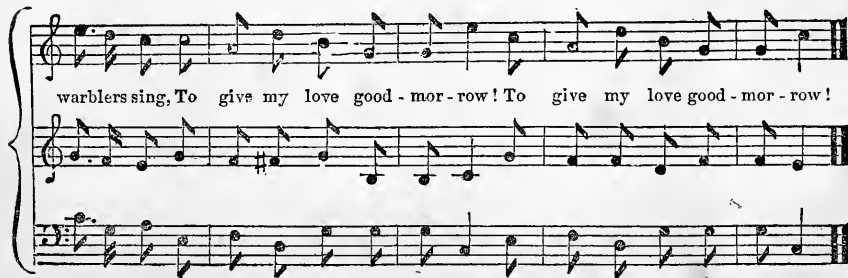
Pack clouds away! And welcome day, With night be ban-ish'd sor-row; Sweet

air, blow soft; Mount, larks, a-loft, To give my love good-mor-row! Wings



from the wind To please her mind, Notes from the lark I'll borrow; Bird, prone thy wing, gay

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef and contains the vocal melody. The middle and bottom staves are in treble and bass clefs respectively, forming a piano accompaniment. The music is in 4/4 time and features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes.



warblers sing, To give my love good - mor - row! To give my love good - mor - row!

This system also consists of three staves, continuing the vocal and piano parts from the first system. It concludes with a double bar line. The piano accompaniment includes a key signature change to one sharp (F#) in the middle staff.

Wake from thy rest,
 Robin Red-breast,
 Sing, birds, in every furrow ;
 And from each hill,
 Let music shrill,
 Give my fair love good-morrow !

Black-bird and thrush,
 In every bush,
 Stare, linnet, and blithe sparrow ;
 Ye pretty elves,
 Among yourselves,
 Sing my sweet love good-morrow.

NOW HASTE MY LOVE.

SAME AIR.

Now haste, my love, the sun has set,
 And the moon through twilight streaming,
 Now on the mosque's white minaret,
 Its silver light is streaming.

And all is hush'd in soft repose,
 Not a sound on the calm air swelling,
 Save where the bulbul to the rose,
 Its tale of love is telling.

And see the fire-fly in the tope,
 Bright through the darkness shining,
 Ev'n as the rays which heav'nly hope,
 Darts on the soul repining.

Then haste, bright treasure of my heart,
 Flow'rs round, and stars above thee,
 Alone must see us meet and part,
 And witness how I love thee.

1st. Treble.

2nd. Treble.

Bass.

My ships to fair Sa - ci lia s coast, Have row'd their ra - pid

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is for the 1st Treble voice, the middle for the 2nd Treble voice, and the bottom for the Bass voice. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "My ships to fair Sa - ci lia s coast, Have row'd their ra - pid".

way; While in their van, my well-mann'd bark, Spread wide her streamers

This musical system continues the piece with three staves for the 1st Treble, 2nd Treble, and Bass voices. The key signature and time signature remain the same as the first system. The lyrics are: "way; While in their van, my well-mann'd bark, Spread wide her streamers".

gay; Arm'd, at the helm, my-self a host, I seem'd in glo-ry's orb to

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The middle staff is also in treble clef with the same key signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The music is written in a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

move. Ah! Ha-rol'd check the emp-ty boast, A Rus-sian maid-en scorns thy

This musical system also consists of three staves, continuing the key signature and time signature from the first system. The lyrics are written below the middle staff.

love; Ah! check the empty boast, A Rus - sian, Russian maidenscornsthy love.

the emp - ty boast, A Russian maiden scornsthy love.

A Russian maiden scornsthy love, A Russian maidenscornsthy love.

Rough was the sea, and rude the wind,
 And scanty were my crew:
 Billows on billows, o'er our deck,
 With frothy fury flew.
 Deep in our hold the waves were lost:
 Back to their bed each wave we drove,
 Ah! Harold, check the empty boast,
 A Russian maiden scornsthy love.

What feat of hardihood so bold,
 But Harold wots it well;
 I curb the steed. I stem the flood,
 I fight with falcion fell;
 The oar I ply from coast to coast.
 On ice with flying skates I rove.
 Ah! Harold, check the empty boast,
 A Russian maiden scornsthy love.

hair; Lovedwells in ev - ry out - ward part, But ah! he nev - er, ah! he

r, Ah! he nev - er touch'd thy heart, he nev - er, nev - er touch'd thy

heart. heart. How dif - f'rent is my fate from thine! No out - w rd heart, heart. How dif - f'rent is my fate from thine!

marks of love are mine, no out-ward marks of love are mine!

No out-ward marks of love, of love are mine! My

My brow is cloud-ed by de-spair. And grief, love's bit-ter foe is

brow is cloud-ed by de-spair, And grief, love's bit-ter foe is

there, love's bit-ter foe is there. But deep with-in my glow-ing soul, He

rules and reigns with - out con - trol, He rules and reigns with - out con -

trol, He rules he reigns with - out con - trol,
trol, He rules and reigns with - out con

rules, he reigns with - out con-trol, with - out con-trol, with - out con-trol.
trol. He reigns with - out con-trol, with - out con-trol, with - out con-trol.

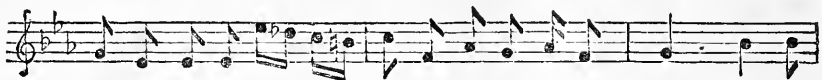
From the "Comic Opera, the Farmer."



Ere a - round the huge oak that o'er - sua - dows you mill. The fond



iv - y had dar'd to en-twine; Ere the church was a ru - in that



nods on the hill. Or the rook built its nest on the pine. Or



rook built its nest on the pine.

Could I trace back the time, a far distant date,
Since my forefathers toil'd in this field;
And the farm I now hold on your honour's estate,
~~Is the same~~ that my grandfather till'd.

He, dying, bequeath'd to his son a good name,
Which, unsullied, descended to me,
In my child I've preserv'd it unb'ensh'd with shame,
And it still from a spot shall be free.



To yon - der love - ly maid - en Those flow - rets would I



send To say my soul is lad - en, And would its sor - rows



end. Thou rose, so fresh - ly blow - ing, Tell how my bo - som



burns, Tell how my tears are flow - ing, My heart how deep it



mourns, My heart how deep it mourns.

THE LETTER OF FLOWERS (Continued.)

Thou myrtle, whisper lightly,
My hopes how sweet they be!
That never star so brightly,
Shone o'er my path as she.

'Despair is killing anguish,'
Thou marigold shalt say,
Without her I shall languish.
And in my grave decay.

DIAMOND.

FLY, FAVOURITE OF VENUS!—FLY COURIER OF LOVE!

SAME AIR.

A DOVE in terror flying,
This morning crossed my way,
In murmurs faintly crying,
For aid it seemed to pray.
A vulture downward rushing,
His wings just o'er it shook,
As floods from mountains gushing,
Plunge headlong on some brook!

'Ah! whither 'scape from ruin ;'
So ran the dove's low moan ;
'Fast, fast his fate pursuing,'
Great Venus guard thy own !'
To thee, Oh! Queen of Beauty '
The dove was ever slave,
Protection grant for duty ;
Hear, Venus, hear and save!

FAREWELL! THOU COAST OF GLORY.

SAME AIR.

FAREWELL! thou coast of glory,
Where dwelt my sires of yore!
Their names, their martial story,
Your trophied tombs restore.
Farewell! thou clime of beauty!
Where blooms the maid I love,
Fond thoughts in pleasing duty,
Around her ever rove.

What phrase to shape '*farewell*' in,
In vain this heart would tell;
Winds blow—white sails are swelling—
Oh! native land!—farewell!
Farewell! thou coast of glory,
Where dwelt my sires of yore!
Their names, their martial story,
Your trophied tombs restore.

BOLY.

LOVE! THOU DEAR DECEIVER.

SAME

LOVE! thou dear deceiver,
Here, at length, we part;
From this moment, never
Shalt thou wring my heart.
Yet this tear-drop stealing,
Yet this throb of pain,
Tell me, past concealing,
I'm thy slave again.

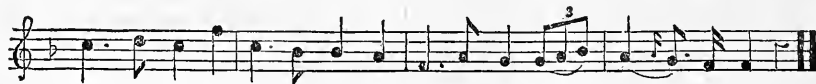
List'ning saints befriend me,
Love! my peace restore,
Pride! my spirit lend me,
All will soon be o'er.
Love! thou dear deceiver,
Here, at length, we part;
From this moment, never
Shalt thou wring my heart.

Sung in the Opera of Rosina.

ROSINA.



When the rosy morn ap - pear - ing, Paints with gold the ver - dant lawn;



Bees on banks of thyme dis - port - ing, Sip the sweets and hail the dawn.

PHOEBE.



War - bling birds the day pro - claim - ing, Ca - rol sweet the live - ly strain;

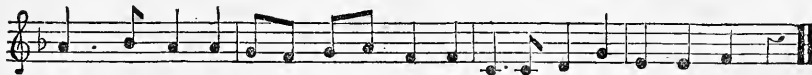


They for - sake their leafy dwell - ing, To se - cure the gold - en grain.

WILLIAM.



See con - tent the hum - ble glean - er, Take the scat - ter'd ears that fall ;



Na - ture all her child - ren view - ing, Kind - ly boun - teous cares for all.

When the ro - sy morn ap - pear - ing, Paints with gold the ver - dant lawn ;

WHEN THE ROSY MORN APPEARING (Continued.)

Bees on banks of thyme dis-port-ing, Sip the sweets and hail the dawn.

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It contains a melody with a triplet of eighth notes marked with a '3' above it. The middle and bottom staves are bass clefs, likely for piano accompaniment, with a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

War-bling birds the day pro-claim-ing, Ca - rol sweet the live - ly strain;

This musical system also consists of three staves, similar to the first system. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat. It contains a melody with a triplet of eighth notes marked with a '3' above it. The middle and bottom staves are bass clefs. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

They for-sake their leafy dwelling, To se-cure the gold-en grain.

The musical score consists of three staves. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The second and third staves are also treble clef with a key signature of one flat. The music is written in a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below the first staff.

HENRICK.

YOU ARE A TULIP.

RUSSIAN AIR.

You are a tu-lip, seen to-day, But, dear-est, of so
short a stay, That where you grew scarce man can say.

The musical score consists of two staves. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. The second staff is also a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is written in a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below the first staff.

You are a lovely July flow'r,
 Yet one rude wind or ruffling show'r,
 Will force you hence and in an hour.

You are a sparkling rose i' the bud,
 Yet lost ere that chaste flesh and blood
 Can show where you ere grew or stood.

You are the queen all flow'rs among,
 But die you must, fair maid, ere long,
 As he the maker of this song.

BURNS.

O POORTITH CAULD



O poor - tith cauld and rest - less love, Ye wreck my peace be-

tween ye; Yet poor-tith a' I could for-give, An 'twere na for

Jean - ie. O why should fate sic plea - sure have, Life's dear-est bands un-



twi - ing; Or why sae sweet a flow'r as love De-



pend on for - tune's shin - ing.


This world's wealth when I think on,
Its pride, and a' the lave o't;
Fie, fie on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o't.
O why, &c.

Her een sae bonnie blue, betray
How she repays my passion;
But prudence is her o'erword aye;
She talks of rank and fashion.
O why, &c.

O wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him?
O wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am?
O why, &c.


How blest the humble cotter's fate!
He woos his simple dearie;
The silly bogles, wealth and state,
Can never make them eerie.
O why, &c.

Treble.




Now is the month of May-ing, When mer-ry lads are play-ing, Fa la la la la

Alto.



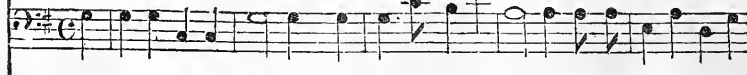
Now is the month of May-ing, When mer-ry lads are play-ing, Fa la la la la

Tenor.



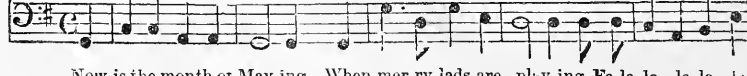
Now is the month of May-ing, When mer-ry lads are play-ing, Fa la la la la

1st. Bass



Now is the month of May-ing, When mer-ry lads are play-ing, Fa la la la la

2nd. Bass



Now is the month of May-ing, When mer-ry lads are play-ing, Fa la la la la

la la, fa la la la la la la la. Each with his bonnie lass, A dancing on the

la la la la, fa la la la la la. Each with his bonnie lass. A dancing on the

la, fa la la la la la. Each with his bonnie lass, A dancing on the

la, fa la la la la Each with his bonnie lass, A dancing on the

la, fa la la la la la. Each with his bonnie lass, A dancing on the

grass, fa la la la la la la la, la la la la la la la la.

grass. fa la la la la la la la la, fa la la la la la la la.

grass, fa la la la la la la la, fa la la la la la la la la.

grass, fa la la la la la la la la la.

grass, fa la la la la la la la la la.

grass, fa la la la la la la la la, la la la la la la la.

The spring clad all in gladness,
Doth laugh at winter's sadness;
Fa la la, &c.

And to the bagpipe's sound,
The nymphs tread out their ground.
Fa la la, &c.

WILLIE WINKIE.—A NURSERY RHYME.

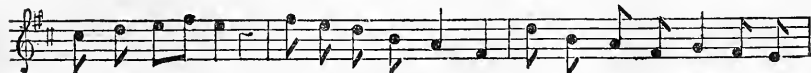
Extracted from the 'Whistlebinkie' by permission of the Publisher.

W. MILLER.

COMPOSED FOR THE CASKET BY A. a. D.



Wee Wil-lie Win-kie rins through the toun, Up stairs, and down stairs,



in his night-gown; Tirlin' at the win-dow, cry-ing at the lock, Are the



weans in their bed, for it's now ten o'clock.

'Hey Willie Winkie, are ye comin' ben?
 The cat's singin' grey thrums to the sleepin' hen,
 The dog's speldert on the floor and disna gie a
 cheep,
 But here's a waukrife laddie, that *wunna fa' asleep.*
 'Anything but sleep, you rogue, glow'ring like the
 moon,
 Rattlin' in an airn jug wi' an airn spoon,

Rumblin', tumblin' roon' about, crawin' like a
 cock,

Skirlin' like a kenna-what, wauken sleepin' fock.

'Hey Willie Winkie, the wean's in a creel,
 Wamblin' aff a bodie's knee like a verra eel,
 Ruggin' at the cat's lug and raveling a' her
 thrums—

Hey Willie Winkie—see there he comes.'

DR PERCY.

'O NANNY, WILT THOU GANG WI' ME?'

CARTER.

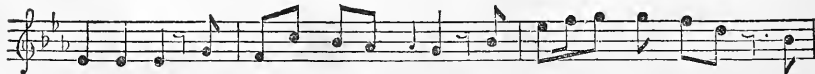
ANDANTE.



O Nan - ny, wilt thou gang wi' me? Nor sigh to leave the



flaunting town? Can si - lent glens have charms for thee, The



low - ly cot, and rus - set gown? No lon - ger drest in



silk - en sheen, No lon - ger deck'd with jew - els rare,



Say, canst thou quit the bus - y scene, Where thou wert fair - est



of the fair? Say, canst thou quit the bus - y scene, Where



thou wert fair - est of the fair? Where thou wert fairest, where



thou wert fair-est, Where thou wert fair - est of the fair?

O Nannie, when thou'rt far away,
 Wilt thou not cast a look behind?
 Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
 Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
 O can that saft and gentlest mein,
 Severest hardships learn to bear,
 Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nannie, can thou love so true,
 Through perils keen wi' me to gae?
 Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
 To share with him the pang of wae.

And when invading pains befall,
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
 Nor wishful those gay scenes recall,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And cheer, with smiles, the bed of death?
 And wilt thou, o'er his much-lov'd clay,
 Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear;
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

H. M.

THE ANSWER.

SAME AIR.

O DONALD I will gan wi' thee,
 Wi' thee to silent glens repair;
 The lowly cot has charms for me,
 For cheerfulness and peace are there.
 No more to shine in silken sheen,
 Nor deck'd in gems which fortune gave,
 Wi' thee I'll quit this busy scene,
 Where thou art bravest of the brave.

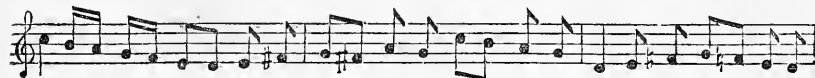
O Donald, when thou'rt far awa',
 Thou art not absent from my mind,
 For thee I'll face the mountain snaw,
 Nor shrink before the wintry wind.

And can that form and noble mein,
 That arm so strong th' oppress'd to save:
 Canst thou too quit this courtly scene,
 Where thou art bravest of the brave?

But Nannie's grief no eye could see,
 Should fate decree that we must part;
 Donald, the shaft that's death to thee,
 Can find no home but Nannie's heart.
 In joy or sorrow, bond or free,
 In sunny calm, or tempest's wave,
 In life, in death, shall Nannie be
 Wi' thee the bravest of the brave.



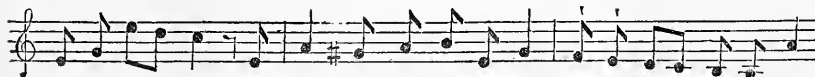
The red moon is up o'er the moss-cover'd mountains, The hour is at hand when I



co - mis'd to rove, With the cot - ta - ger's daugh - ter, by Lo - gan's fair wa - ter, And



tell her how tru - ly her Donald can love, And tell her how tru - ly her



Donald can love, I ken there's the miln - er wi' plen - ty o' sill - er, Wad



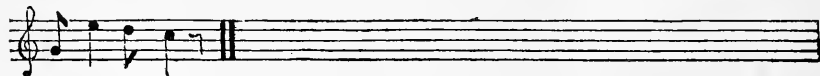
fain win a smile frae her bon - ny blue e'e; But my ain charm-ing Ma - ry, the



star o' Glen - ga - ry, My ain bon - nie Ma - ry, the star o' Glen - ga - ry, Keeps



a' her sweet smiles, keeps a' her sweet smiles, keeps a' her sweet smiles, an' saft



kiss - es for me,

'Tis lang since we first trod the hielands thegither,
Twa frolicsome bairns gaily startling the deer,
When I ca'd her my life, my bonnie wee wife,
And ne'er knew sic joy as when Mary was
near.

And ne'er, &c.

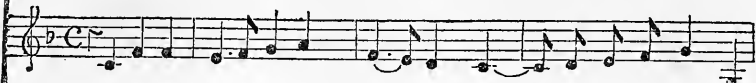
An' still she's the blossom I wear in my bosom,
A blossom I'll cherish and wear till I die;
For my ain charming Mary, the star o' Glengary,
My ain bonnie, &c.
She's health, an' she's wealth, an' she's a' good
to me.

Treble.



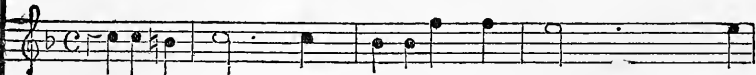
The sil-ver swan, who liv-ing had no note, When

Alto.



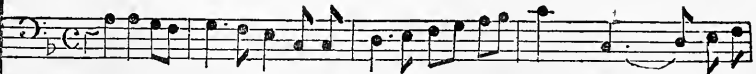
The sil-ver swan, who liv-ing had no note, When death ap-proach'd, un-

Tenor.



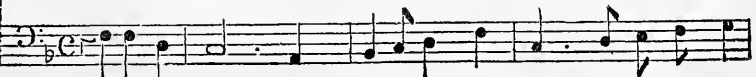
The sil-ver swan, who liv-ing had no note, When

1st. Bass.



The sil-ver swan, who liv-ing, who liv-ing had no note, When death ap-

2nd. Bass.



The sil-ver swan, who liv-ing had no note, When death approach'd,

death ap-proach'd, un - lock'd her si - lent throat: Lean - ing her

lock'd her si - lent throat; Lean-ing her breast a - gainst the

death ap-proach'd, un - lock'd her si-lent throat; Lean - ing her breast a -

proach'd, un - lock'd her si-lent throat; A - gainst the ree - dy

when death approach'd, un-lock'd her si-lent throat; Lean-ing her breast a -

The musical score is written for a single melodic line on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The score consists of five lines of music, each with a corresponding line of lyrics. The first line of music ends with a double bar line. The second line of music ends with a double bar line. The third line of music ends with a double bar line. The fourth line of music ends with a double bar line. The fifth line of music ends with a double bar line.

more; F re - well all joys! O death, come close my

more; Fare-well all joys! O death, come close my eyes! More

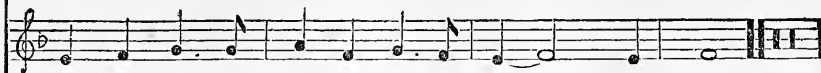
more; Fare - well all joys! O death come close my eyes;

more; O death, come close my eyes; More geese than

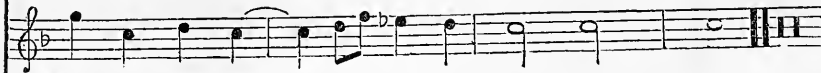
more; Fare-well all joys! Now, death, come close my eyes;



eyes ; More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise.



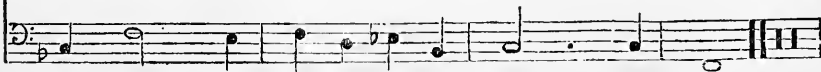
geese than swans now live, more fools, more fools than wise.



More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise.



swans now live, more fools than wise, more fools than wise.



More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise.

Lassie say thou loe's me,
Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
Say na thou'lt refuse me;
If it winna, canna be,
Thou for thine may choose me;

Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me;
Lassie, let me quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me.

THE DUMB PEAL.—ROUND.
The Pauses indicate the final close.

DR COOK.

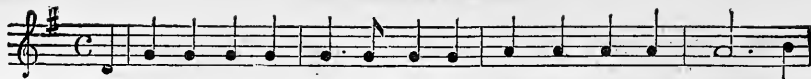
1 Bell. Bim bome bell. Bim bome bell. Bim bome bell. Bim bome, 2

2 Well 3

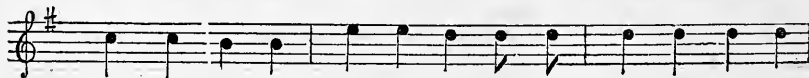
3 Bell. Hark! hark! now the mourn-ful muffle-d bell, The weep-ing neigh-bour- 4

4 hood doth tell That John - ny bids us all fare - well, fare - well, 1

fare - well. Then he's we'll his we'll ring his knell, long he be-lov-ed. since gone ring knell, For was



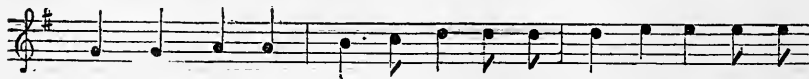
'Twas in the year of eigh - ty - five, Of March the twen - tieth day, Our



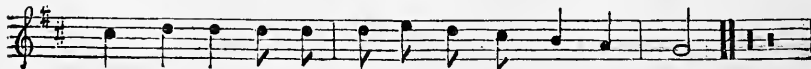
gal - lant ship her an - chor weigh'd, And to sea we bore a -



way, brave boys, With a fa la la la la la la, With a



fa la la la la la la, With a fa la la, With a



fa la la, With a fa la la la la la la.

Blowhard it was our captain's name,
 Our ship, the Lion bold,
 And we were bound to the northern coast,
 To face the frost and cold,

Brave boys.
 With a fa la la, &c.

And when we came to that cold countrie,
 Where the white snow always lies,
 Where the storms, and the cold, and the big
 whales blow,

And the daylight never dies,
 Brave boys,
 With a fa la la, &c.

Our mate upon the topmast stood,
 With a spying glass in hand,
 A whale! a whale! a whale! he cries,
 And she spouts at every span,
 Brave boys.
 With a fa la la, &c,

Our captain on the deck he ran,
 And a clever little man was he;

Overhaul, overhaul, let your main-tackle fall,
 And launch your boats to sea,

Brave boys.
 With a fa la la, &c.

We struck that fish, and off she went
 With a flourish of her tail;
 But ah! and alas! we lost one man,
 And we did not catch that whale,

Brave boys.
 With a fa la la, &c.

'Twas when the news to our captain came,
 He call'd up all his crew,
 And for losing of his 'prentice boy,
 He down his colours drew,
 Brave boys,
 With a fa la la, &c.

Alas! my men be not dismay'd,
 For the losing of one man,
 For Providence will have its way
 Let a man do what he can,

Brave boys.
 With a fa la la, &c.

1st.
Voice.2nd.
Voice.

In A-pril, when prim-ros-es paint the sweet plain, And

sum-mer ap-proach-ing, re-joic-eth the swain,

joic-eth the swain, The yel-low-hair'd lad-die would

of - ten - times go To the wilds and deep glens where the

haw - thorn trees grow, haw - thorn trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
 With freedom he sung his loves, evening and
 morn;
 He sung with so soft and enchanting a sound,
 That sylvals and fairies, unseen, danced around.

The shepherd thus sung, ' Though young Maddie
 be fair,
 Her beauty is dash'd with a scornful proud air;
 But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing;
 Her breath like the breezes perfumed in the spring.

' That Maddie, in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke
truth ;

But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddess that sprung from the sea.

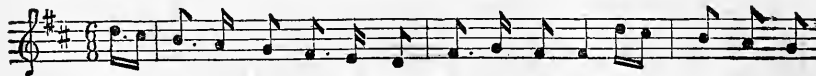
' That mama's fine daughter, with all her great
dower,

Was awkwardly airy, and frequently *sour* ;'

Then sighing, he wish'd, would but parents agree,
The witty, sweet Susie, his mistress might be.

DAVID VEDDER.

THE HIGHLAND DRILL.—*Air, Garry Owen.*



Come Cor-plar Mac-do-nald, pe han-dy my lad, Drive in a'

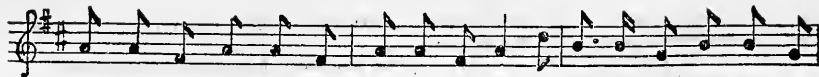


strag-glers to morn-in' pa-raad! *Greas orst*,* or you'll may-be get

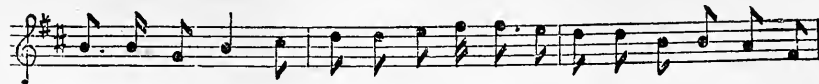


thro' ta wood lad-die, Ta Kor-nal will notleave a soul in your pod-y. Faal

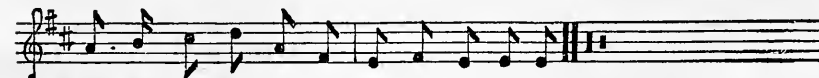
* Make haste ; pronounced *kress-horst*.



in - to ta ranks tere! ye scoundlars fall in! I'll mak' ta one half of you



shump from your skin! You're raw as ta mut-ton, an' creen as ta cab-bage, I'll



creel you to teath with your weight heav-y paggage!

Advance to ta left tere! faal pack to ta right!
Tress straight into line, or I'll treel you till night!
You sodgers! ye're shust a disgraish to your clan,
An a fery hard pargain to SHORGE, honest man!

You Tuncan M'Donald! you fery great sot,
You're trunk as ta cap, or ta stoup, or ta pot!

You'll ket a night's quarters, into ta plack hole :—
Now, silence! an' answer to call of ta roll.

Sergeant (bawling at the top of his voice), ' Donald M'Donald, *Mhor?**—(no answer, the man being absent)—I see you're there, so you're right not to speak to nobody in the ranks. Donald

* Big or great.

M'Donald, *Rhua?** 'Here.' 'Ay, you're always here when nobody wants you. Donald M'Donald, *Fad?*†—(no answer)—oh decent, modest lad, you're always here, though, like a good sodger, as you are, you seldom say nothing about it. Donald M'Donald, *Cluasan Mhor?*‡—(no answer)—I hear you; but you might speak a little louder for all that. Donald M'Donald, *Ordag?*§ 'Here.' 'If you're here this morning, its no likely you'll be here to-morrow morning; I'll shust mark you down absent; so let that stand for that. Donald M'Donald, *Casan Mhor?*|| 'Here.' Oh damorst! you said that yesterday, but who saw't you?—you're always here, if we tak you're own word for it. Donald M'Donald, *Cam beul?*¶ 'Here'—(in a loud voice). 'If you was not known for a pig liar, I would believe you; but you've a bad habit, my lad, of always crying here whether you're here or no; and till you give up your bad habit, I'll shust always mark you down absent for your impudence: its all for your own good, so you need not cast down your brows, but shust be thankful that I don't stop your loaf too, and then you wad maybe have to thank your own souple tongue for a sair back and a toom belly. Attention noo, lads, and let every man turn his eyes to the sergeant.'

* Red-haired.

† Long.

‡ Big ears.

§ Applied to a man having an extra thumb.

|| Big feet.

¶ Crooked mouth.

You Donald M'Donald! your belt is as **black**
As ta pra' Sunday coat on ta minister's pack;
So you needna stand cruntin' tere shust like ta pig,
For ta Captain *shall* send you on duty fatigue

An' as for you, Evan M'Donald, you see
You'll go to ta gaurd-house this moment wi' me;
Your firelock and pagnet 'll no do at a',
An ta ramrod's sae roosty it winna pe traw!

An' Struan M'Donald, stand straight on your shanks,
Whenever ta sergeant treels you in ta ranks;
An' houl't up your head, Sir, an' shoulter your
humph!

I *toot* you've peen trinkin' you creat muckle sumph!

You, Lauchie M'Donald! you skellum, ochon!
Your hair's neither pouthered nor letten alone;
An' the tin o' your pig tail has lost the shapan,
An' your frill is as brown as the heather o' Pran!

Oigh! Dugald M'Donald! your small clothes are aye
As yellow as mustard in April or May;
I tare say you think it a creat cryin' sin
To puy ta pipe clay, an' to rub it hard in!

An' now you'll dismiss like goot pairns till to-morrow,
I'm shure you're my pride, an' my shoy, an' my
sorrow;

It's a' for your goods if I gie you a thraw,
For the sergeant ye ken has the charge o' ye a'.

1st. Voice.

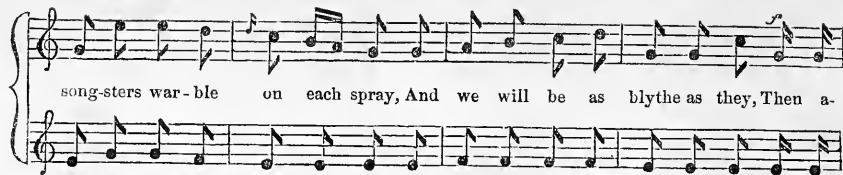
2nd. Voice.

Hail! all hail! thou mer-ry month of May, We will has-ten to the

woods a - way, And scent the flow'rs so sweet and gay, Haste a - way to

hail! the mer-ry May. Hark! hark! hark! to hail the month of May, How the

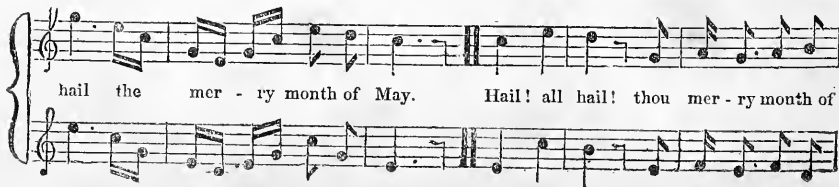
MAY-SONG (Continued.)



song-sters war-ble on each spray, And we will be as blythe as they, Then a-



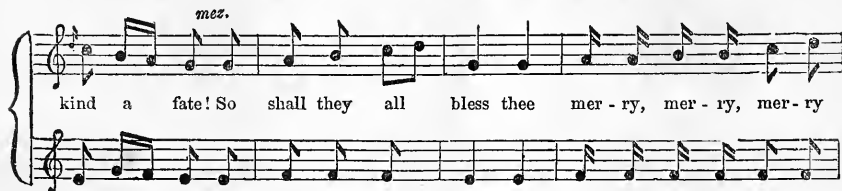
way to hail the mer-ry, mer-ry May, the *P* mer - ry May, Then a - way to



hail the mer - ry month of May. Hail! all hail! thou mer - ry month of



P
May, thou hast given to ev'-ry bird its mate; grant lov-ers true as



mez.
kind a fate! So shall they all bless thee mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry



May! Hail! all hail! Thou mer-ry month of May.

1 Mas - ter Speak - er, tho' 'tis late, Mas - ter Speak - er tho' 'tis

2 Ques - tion, ques - tion, ques - tion, ques - tion, ques - tion,

3 Or - der, or - der, or - der, hear him, hear him,

late, tho' 'tis late, I must length - en the de-

hear him, hear him, hear. Sir I shall name you if you

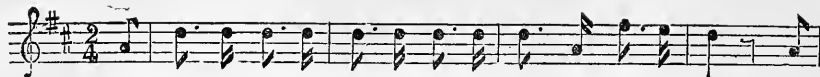
hear him, hear him, hear, pray sup - port the chair, pray sup - port the



bate, I must length - en the de - bate, Mas - ter,
stir, if you stir, Sir I shall name you if you stir, Sir I shall
chair, pray sup - port the chair, pray sup - port the chair, Ques - tion.



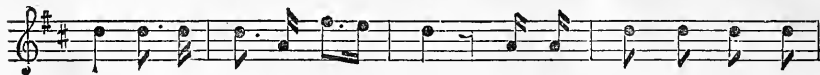
Speak - er tho' 'tis late, I must length - en the de - bate.
name you, Sir I shall name you, Sir I shall name you if you stir.
or - der, hear him, hear, pray sup - port, sup - port the chair.



I'm just from Lu - sey - an - an, dar whar I'd have you to know, Dat



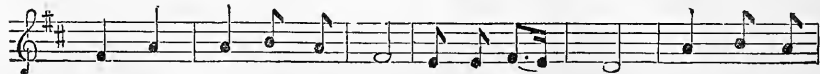
Jim a - long Jo - sey was all de go; Dem nig - gers all



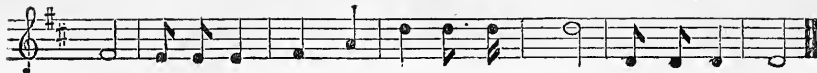
dar used to make a big ring, And the sci - en - ti - fic



song dat we did sing, was Hey, Jim a - long, Jim a - long

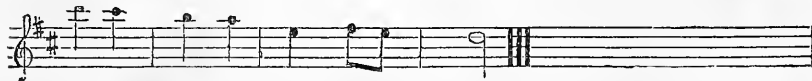
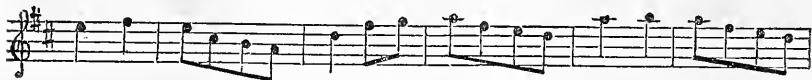


Jo - sey, Hey, Jim a - long, Jim a - long Joe. Hey, Jim a -



long, Jim a - long, Jo - sey; Hey Jim a - long, Jim a - long Joe.

DANCE.



When I used to dance dar, de folk dey all allowed,
Dat in kicking up my heels, I was equal to a crowd;
And one man said he would bet me half a dollar,
Dat in one week I should beat ole Jim Crow hollow.

Hey, Jim along, &c.

Once ole Jim Crow he was dar all de go,
Till he found him rival in Jim along Joe;
Now poor Mr Crow dey Lab put him to bed,
And Jim along Josey have come in him stead.

Hey, Jim along, &c.

I knew a nigger ober dar, he had so hard a head,
 He took a bull by de horns and butted him dead—
 He took him to de ribber and he trowed him in de
 water,
 But I dont tink he acted just zactly as he ought to.
 Hey, Jim along, &c.

But now I've left ole Luseyanna far behind,
 And if I don't go back again, I sha'nt much mind,
 For if you was so kind to Billy Barlow,
 Perhaps you'll show some favour here to Jim
 along Joe.

Hey, Jim along, &c,

ENCORE VERSES.

Now ladies and gentlemen, I've come back once
 more,
 Kase its plain you all wanted me by calling encore,
 As its just upon de heel tap and den upon de toe,
 Why dat hyar's de science of Jim along Joe.

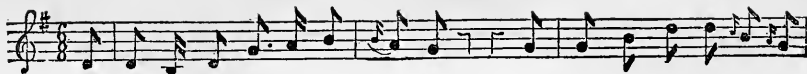
When I gets de new coat dat I specks to hab soon,
 Likewise de new par ob trouserloon—
 When I walks along Princee'se Street, dars no one
 will be bigger,
 Dan dis here sentimental and scientific nigger.

Oh de punkin puddin', and de peacock pie,—
 De white cat scratch out de black cat's eye;

I took both de cats and slobe 'em in a pail,
 When de black cat bite off de white cat's tail.

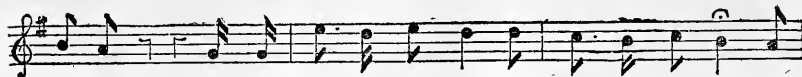
De Boleno's where here, dat you know full well,
 And darfore it is no use for me dat to tell;
 Dey tinks dat dey was clever, but they're only so so,
 For a graceful figure, look at Jim along Joe.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, once more I makes
 my bow,
 And I tanks you all for laughing at my nonsense
 now,
 As I never mind de weader, so de wind dont blow,
 I hopes dat is all pleased wid Jim along Joe.



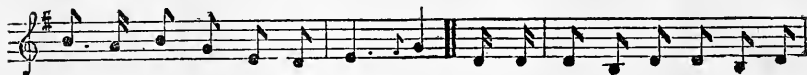
I've wan-der'd with charm-ing Kate Kear-ney

A - long the green banks of Kil-

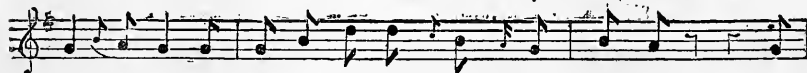


lar - ney,

But I dreamt not that guile, Lay hid 'neath her smile, S~



rap - tur'd was I with Kate Kear - ney. For she vow'd to be true to me



ev - er, That no - thing but death could us se - ver;

Her



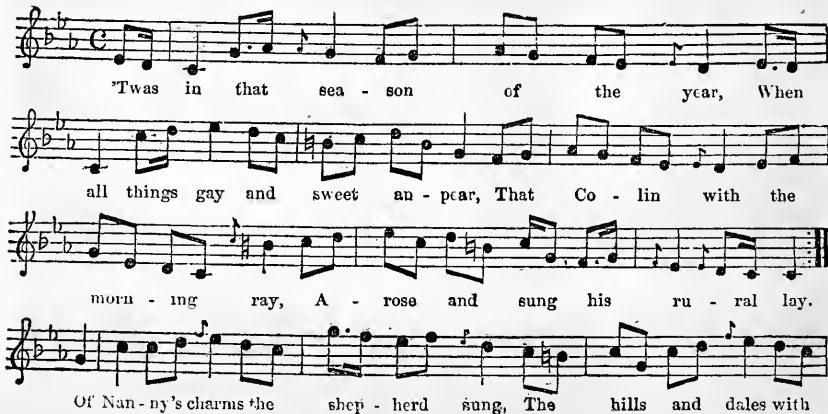
smile was so sweet, My joy so com-plete, Pos - ses - ing' a prize like Kate Kear-ney.

But her love, which I thought such a treasure,
I found she could change it at pleasure,
The smile once so sweet,
Was rank with deceit,
That play'd round the lips of Kate Kearney.

Then beware of this pretty deceiver,
For who could in earnest believe her,
Her words are so fair,
She will try to ensnare,
And you'll sigh but in vain for Kate Kearney.

HEWIT.

ROSLIN CASTLE.



'Twas in that sea - son of the year, When
all things gay and sweet an - pear, That Co - lin with the
morn - ing ray, A - rose and sung his ru - ral lay.
Of Nan - ny's charms the shep - herd sung, The hills and dales with



Nan - ny rang, While Ros - lin Cas - tle heard the swain, And



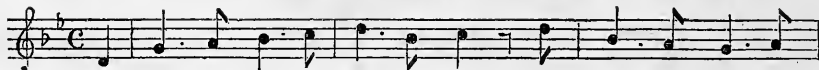
e - cho'd back the cheer - ful strain.

Awake, sweet muse! the breathing spring,
With rapture warms, awake and sing;
Awake and join the vocal throng,
And hail the morning with a song;
To Nanny raise the cheerful lay,
O bid her haste and come away;
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love! on every spray
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
And love inspires the melting song;

Then let my ravish'd notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love! thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls, O come away!
Come, while the muse this wreath shall twine
Around this modest brow of thine.
O hither haste, and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the spring,
Those graces that divinely shine,
And charm this ravish'd heart of mine.



O, I hae watch'd that witch-ing smile, That tauld me I was



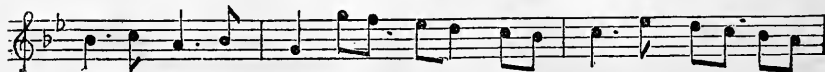
dear to you; An' I hae seen you kind and free, An'



blithe - ly gay, and fond - ly true. An' I hae heard that



voice sae sweet at - tun'd to please nae ear but mine; An'



I hae thought my bliss com - plete, To sing nae o - thers

praise but thine. O, Is - a - bel, my Is - a - bel! Al-

though you still art dear to me, Yet Is - a - bel, O,

Is - a - bel! You're nae as ye were wont to be.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is written on a treble clef. The first staff begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B4, and a half note C5. The second staff continues with a half note D5, a quarter note E5, a quarter note F#5, and a half note G5. The third staff concludes with a half note A5, a quarter note B5, a quarter note C6, and a final half note D6. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes.

An' l hae vow'd eternal truth,
 An' mony a pledge hae got frae thee,
 That a' the fairy wiles o' youth
 Should never win thy heart frae me;
 But, O, deceiving, fickle fair,
 Thy sweets whae'er presumes to pree,

Too late will find ye'll do nae mair,
 Than break the heart an' please the e'e.
 O, Isabel, my Isabel!
 Although you still are dear to me;
 Yet Isabel, O Isabel!
 You're nae as ye were wont to be.

Alto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Fair Flo - ra decks the flow' - ry ground, And

Detailed description: This block contains the first system of a three-part vocal glee. It features three staves: Alto (top), Tenor (middle), and Bass (bottom). The music is in 2/4 time with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The lyrics 'Fair Flo - ra decks the flow' - ry ground, And' are written below the staves. The Alto and Tenor parts have some notes with slurs, and the Bass part has a few notes with slurs.

plants the bloom of May, And

plants the bloom of May. While ev' - ry hill

Detailed description: This block contains the second system of the vocal glee. It continues the three-part setting with Alto, Tenor, and Bass staves. The lyrics 'plants the bloom of May, And' are under the first system, and 'plants the bloom of May. While ev' - ry hill' are under the second system. The music continues in the same 2/4 time and key signature. The Alto and Tenor parts have some notes with slurs, and the Bass part has a few notes with slurs.

ev' - ry vale ap - pears un - u - sual gay, The pret - ty, pret - ty

ap - pears un - u - sual gay,

The musical score for the first system is written for three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The lyrics 'ev' - ry vale ap - pears un - u - sual gay, The pret - ty, pret - ty' are written below the notes. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is in 4/4 time.

war - blers of the grove as - sume their va - rious notes;

war - blers of the grove as - sume their va - rious notes; The

The musical score for the second system continues on three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps. The lyrics 'war - blers of the grove as - sume their va - rious notes;' are written below the notes. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is in 4/4 time.

FAIR FLORA (Continued.)

The e - cho - ing woods re - spon - sive sound, The

e - cho - ing woodss re - spon - sive sound, The mu - sic of their

The e - cho - ing woods re - spon - sive sound, The

mu - sic of their throats, the mu - sic of their throats. Lead

broats, the mu - sic

mu - sic of their throats, the mu - sic

on my Ce - lia, quit the town, My Ce - lia quit t'e

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The lyrics are written below the notes. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests.

Town O haste my Ce - lia

Town. And ban - ish ev' - ry care, O haste my Ce - lia,

And ban - ish ev' - ry care, O haste, O haste my

This system continues the musical piece with three staves. The vocal line (top staff) has lyrics that are split across the staves. The piano accompaniment (middle and bottom staves) continues with similar rhythmic patterns. The lyrics are: "Town O haste my Ce - lia", "Town. And ban - ish ev' - ry care, O haste my Ce - lia,", and "And ban - ish ev' - ry care, O haste, O haste my".

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a grand staff (treble and bass clef) for the piano and a single staff for the voice. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The piano accompaniment features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing triplets. The voice part is a melody with lyrics written below the notes. Dynamics include *P* (piano) and *f* (forte). The lyrics are: "haste a - way, haste a - way, haste a - way, to Ce - lia, haste a - way, haste, O haste a - way to breathe the ru - ral air, O haste breathe the ru - ral air, O haste my Ce - lia".

haste a - way, haste a - way, haste a - way, to

Ce - lia, haste a - way, haste, O haste a - way to

breathe the ru - ral air, O haste

breathe the ru - ral air, O haste my Ce - lia



O haste, haste, haste a-

haste a - way, O haste my Ce - lia haste, haste a-

way, O haste, to breathe the ru - ral air.

O haste to breathe the ru - ral air.



INDEX

ARRANGED ACCORDING TO THE TITLES, AND ALSO THE FIRST WORDS OF
EACH COMPOSITION.

A dove in terror flying, . . .	138	Ere around the huge oak, . . .	136	I sing ye o a wife, . . .	113
Alie Alison, . . .	105	Fair Flora decks, . . .	182	Is there for honest poverty, . . .	81
All hail! thou lov'd emblem, . . .	76	Fa la la, . . .	110	I've heard a liltin', . . .	29
All in the Downs, . . .	102	Farewell thou coast of glory, . . .	139	I've seen the smiling, . . .	28
An' ye shall walk in silk attire, . . .	57	Forgive blest shade, . . .	97	Jim along Josey, . . .	174
Arise and come wi' me my love, . . .	59	Gala Water, . . .	78	John Anderson my jo, . . .	17
As walking forth to view the plain, . . .	43	Give me the sweet delights of love, . . .	89	Kate Kearney, . . .	177
Auld langsyne, . . .	1	Give me not riches, . . .	62	Kathrine Ogie, . . .	43
Behind yon hills where Lugar flows, . . .	90	Good-morrow, . . .	126	Let not woman e'er complain, . . .	52
Bird of the wilderness, . . .	85	Had I a heart, . . .	12	Light of my soul my only love, . . .	47
Black-Eyed Susan, . . .	102	Hail! all hail! . . .	169	Logan Water, . . .	124
Bonnie wee thing, . . .	20	Harold the Valiant, . . .	129	Loud roar'd the dreadful thun- der, . . .	101
Braw, braw lads, . . .	78	Highland Mary, . . .	41	Love in thine eyes, . . .	132
Busk ye, busk ye, . . .	6	How great is the pleasure, . . .	48	Love thou dear deceiver, . . .	139
By Fillan's wild and lonely streams, . . .	8	Husband, husband cease your strife, . . .	75	Mary's charms, . . .	80
Caledonia, my country, . . .	96	I am a bard of no regard, . . .	83	Mary nae mair, . . .	84
Come Corplar M'Donald, . . .	166	If a body meet a body, . . .	15	Master Speaker, . . .	172
Comin' through the rye, . . .	15	I'm just from Lousyanna, . . .	174	May Song, . . .	169
Dark clouds are hovering round, . . .	13	In April when primroses, . . .	164	My ain fireside, . . .	4
Duncan Gray, . . .	49	In winter when the rain rain'd cauld, . . .	22	My bonnie Alie Alison, . . .	105
				My Isabel, . . .	180
				My Jo Janet, . . .	73

My Nannie, O,	90	Savourna Deelish,	95	The waits,	110
My ships to fair Sicilia's coast,	129	Saw ye my wee thing,	25	The whale,	162
No more I'll dream,	46	Saw ye Johnnie comin',	60	The winter it is past,	63
Now haste my love,	128	She's the last maid of many,	34	The yellow-hair'd laddie,	164
Now is the month of Maying,	146	Should auld acquaintance,	1	To Fanny fair,	56
O dinna ask me gin I lo'e you,	16	Sweet spirit while life,	37	To yonder lovely maiden,	137
O Donald I will gang wi' thee,	152	Tak your auld cloak about ye,	22	'Twas in the year of eighty-	
O I hae seen great anes,	4	The Bay of Biscay,	101	five,	162
O I hae watch'd that witching		The bride's farewell,	120	'Twas on a simmer's afternoon,	86
e'e,	180	The brook's lullaby,	116	Weary fa' you, Duncan Gray,	50
O like a rosy gleam of light,	91	The country wedding,	121	Weary wand'rer repose,	116
O Logan sweetly didst thou		The dainty bit plan,	70	Wee Willie Winkie,	149
glide,	124	The dumb peal,	161	Well met pretty nymph,	121
O Logie o' Buchan,	30	The ewie wi' the crookit horn,	106	Wha wi' the een o' blue,	84
O Nannie wilt thou gang wi'		The exile of Erin,	92	When the rosy morn appear-	
me,	150	The flowers of the forest,	28	ing,	140
One morning very early,	14	The groves of Blarney,	35	When wild war's deadly blast	
On the banks o' the burn,	27	The highland drill,	166	was blawn,	52
O poortith cauld,	144	The kiss dear maid,	119	Why do I weep,	120
O stay sweet warbling woodlark,	88	The lass o' Gowrie,	86	Wilt thou be my dearie,	160
O sweet sir, for your courtesy,	73	The last laird of the Mint,	32	Ye banks and braes and	
O the moment was sad,	95	The letter of flowers,	137	streams around,	41
Our May had an e'e to a man,	70	The maid in bedlam,	14	Ye banks and braes o' bonnie	
O waly, waly,	44	There came to the beach,	92	Doon,	9
O were I able to rehearse,	106	The red moon is up,	153	Ye gentlemen of England,	65
Pack clouds away,	126	The silver swan,	155	Ye mariners of England,	69
Pardon now the bold outlaw,	51	The skylark,	85	You are a tulip,	143
Randy Nanny,	113	The soldier's return,	52	Young Love and Death by	
Rob Roy M'Gregor,	51	The star of Glengary,	153	chance one night,	118
Roy's Wife,	37	The thistle,	76		

